Liberty

5¢

NOV. 8 · 1941

BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS

XEMPTED! A SHORT STORY BY FANNIE HURST

• JACK BENNY'S TEN BEST GAGS By PIERRE

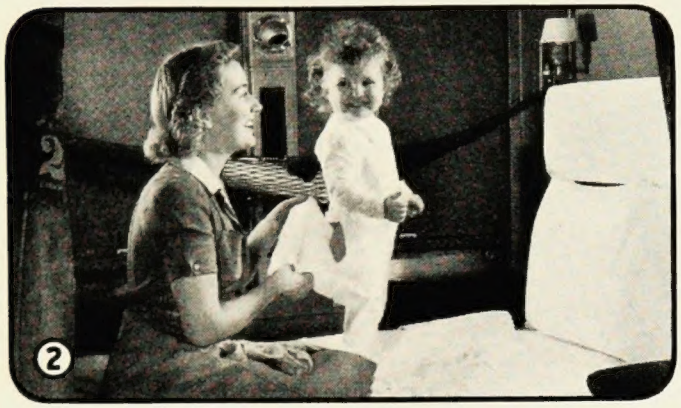
AN HITLER MAKE PEACE NOW?

Try this Pullman QUIZ

HERE are five illustrated questions about Pullman service and the modern Pullman car. Whether you're a seasoned traveller, or whether you have yet to board a Pullman for the first time, you'll find it entertaining to see how well you "know the ropes". And you'll find, incidentally, that "knowing the ropes" will help you get more enjoyment out of that most enjoyable way to travel . . . by Pullman.

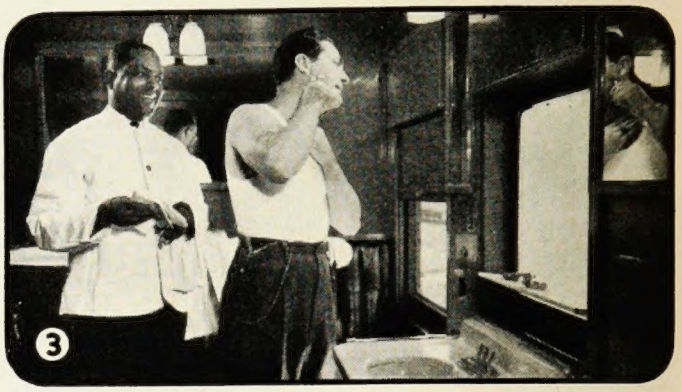
QUESTION: *All Pullman porters are trained in the duties of. (1) A bed maker . . . (2) A valet . . . (3) A night watchman. . . .*

ANSWER: All three. Your Pullman porter is expert at making up your bed so it's smooth and comfortable. He brushes your clothes, shines your shoes, performs a host of helpful personal services. At night, there's always a porter on call . . . to bring you, for example, a drink of water or an extra blanket.



QUESTION: *How wide and how long is your bed in a Pullman lower berth? (1) 30 in. wide by 5 ft. 10 in. long . . . (2) 33 in. wide by 6 ft. long . . . (3) 35 in. wide by 6 ft. 2 in. long . . .*

ANSWER: 35 in. wide by 6 ft. 2 in. long. For, in every way, the Pullman berth is designed to give you *home* comfort. The mattress is soft and restful; the sheets are crisp and clean; the pillows—*two* of them—are full size. Within easy reach are *two* bed lamps, coat hangers, and a shelf for your belongings.



QUESTION: *What one of these 14 things is* not *found in a Pullman washroom?*

1. *Washbowls*
2. *Tooth-scrubbing bowl*
3. *Mirrors*
4. *Soap*
5. *Hamper for used towels*
6. *Individual towels*
7. *Hot water*
8. *Slot for used razor blades*
9. *Outlet for electric razor*
10. *Comb and brush*
11. *Toilet*
12. *Shelf for toilet articles*
13. *Coat hangers*
14. *Lounge seats*

ANSWER: No comb and brush, for obvious sanitary reasons. But there's little else you could ask for that you won't find in the spic-and-span Pullman washroom.

QUESTION: *When you have a Pullman ticket, how much extra does it cost to enjoy riding in the luxurious lounge car? (1) $1.00 extra . . . (2) Nothing . . . (3) 50% more than your Pullman space.*

ANSWER: Nothing. The use of the lounge . . . with its deep-cushioned chairs, convenient writing desk, racks of magazines . . . is a free privilege when you travel Pullman.

QUESTION: *What is the charge for a lower berth in a Pullman for a 300-mile trip? (1) $10.95 . . . (2) $7.50 . . . (3) $2.65 . . .*

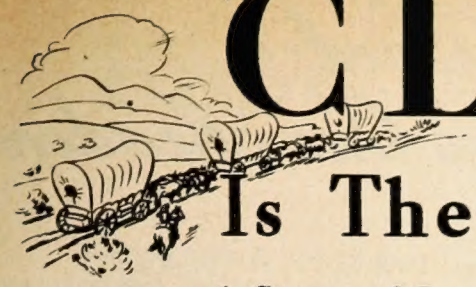
ANSWER: $2.65. This is the Pullman charge for your space. Your first class rail fare cost is additional.

COPR. 1941, THE PULLMAN CO.

NOTE These questions and answers give you some idea of the comforts and conveniences that are yours when you travel by Pullman. Is there *any* other way to travel that offers you quite so much for so little? And that offers—in addition—peace of mind and the knowledge that you'll speed safely and surely to your journey's end.

FOR COMFORT, SAFETY AND DEPENDABILITY—GO PULLMAN

*CLOPAY



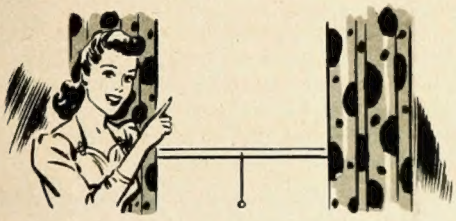
Is The American Way

A Story of Inventive Genius Now Saving Millions of Dollars for Housewives

[This account of American resourcefulness will be of interest to all those who are proud of their country and its achievements in making home life easier, better and more beautiful.]

(1) THE PROBLEM—It was 1930. It seemed that two out of three homes in Cincinnati had worn, cracked, shabby shades at the windows. That wasn't strange, since most homes had 20 to 30 windows and durable cloth shades cost $1 to $3 apiece. One young man decided something ought to be done to slash that price. But how?

(2) A YOUNG MAN PONDERS—This young man knew a lot about paper and he figured "Why not *paper window shades?*" So he tried it. Finally, he schemed out a way to "crepe" paper so it would be flexible and hang straight. He also developed a way to attach the shades to rollers without tacks or tools. And the price? *Only 10c!* He named it *CLOPAY.



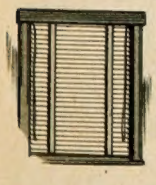
(3) TWO NEW TRIUMPHS—Soon, another great advance—the *Lintone* process, by which CLOPAY shades were made to look so much like linen that, in an actual test, 3 out of 4 women couldn't tell them from $1.50 cloth shades—or thought the CLOPAYS were the more expensive. Yet only 15c for these new CLOPAY *Lintone* shades ready to attach to rollers. Still later, a unique paint-coating process made possible 100% washable CLOPAYS to retail at only 25c ready to attach.

(4) THE AMERICAN WAY—The inventive genius of this great American company has proved a benefit to the entire nation! Today, countless American homes are brighter—windows more beautiful with lovely and durable CLOPAY shades costing only 10, 15 and 25 cents. Not only has this achievement saved housewives millions of dollars every year, but it also has placed good-looking, durable window shades within the reach of everyone. Yes, CLOPAY is the American Way!

**The Name CLOPAY comes from CLOth and PAper because in so many ways this company has made inexpensive paper do the work of costlier cloth.*

CLOPAY CORPORATION

WINDOW SHADES ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT, BUT NOT THE ONLY CLOPAY PRODUCTS...HERE ARE A FEW OTHERS:



CLOPAY VENETIAN BLINDS

Another outstanding development in money saving: cost less than $2 for the average window. Slats of compressed fibre with washable baked-enamel finish. Easy to install.

SANITEX GARMENT STORAGE BAGS ***from Dry Cleaners***

Modern dry cleaning kills moths. Then, better dry cleaners protect clothes against moths until used by delivering them double sealed in Sanitex Bags. Ask your cleaner.

CLOPAY JIFFY SEALS

—an ingenious new way of sealing jam and jelly jars. Transparent cellulose seals that attach in a jiffy—eliminate messy hot wax, save work—cost less—25 seals for only 10c.

CLOPAY GARMENT STORAGE BAGS

Protect out-of-use garments against moths and dirt. Cost only 15c, 25c, 29c each, depending on size and weight. Make ideal gift for selectees to keep "civvies" neat and clean.

***If You Would Like Free Color Swatches of Shades, Free Sample of Venetian Blind Slat, or Other Information, Write* CLOPAY, 1283 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, Ohio**

Vox Pop

The First Word--From Our Readers

A LIBERTY READER SENDS A PLEA FROM FRANCE

NICE, FRANCE (delayed)—Your July 26 issue, with its article on Admiral Darlan, has just reached us here. Can you not find one kind or good thing to say about France or its leaders?

We understand your desire to see Britain come out victorious, but do you think that to distort and discredit everything that is done in my country will bring that victory one minute sooner? We may have our private opinion on "collaboration," but we have faith in our leaders. And what father who sees his children suffer and starve will resist when he knows it depends upon him to better their lot?

I have lived in the States, where I have many good friends, and I have a soft spot for that country in my heart; that is why I can truly rejoice that it shall never be faced with such a dilemma. But I have grown to know them more understanding and sympathetic when sincere efforts were made.—*Mme. Paul Diharsce—a Basque.*

SORRY. COMPANY RULES COMPEL US TO GIVE VACATIONS

AUBURNDALE, MASS.—I pay five cents in order to find out what Hardtack is up to and I get Liberty for nothing. But the rascal did not show up in the September 27 issue.

Oh, where! oh, where! is my Hardtack gone?
Oh, where! oh, where can he be?
Have they shipped him off to some training school,
Or has he gone down to the sea?
—*F. A. Fontaine.*

He's back.—VOX POP ED.

CAN WE LEARN FROM LINCOLN ABOUT WAR?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—The editorial on taxation in October 4 Liberty is of intense interest to every one. But it depicts only the mild beginning. Leon Henderson warns us that hereafter we must "sacrifice, suffer, and sweat blood."

A strange feature of the case is that, while taxation is to be multiplied, the paying power of the people is being deliberately reduced. The source of taxes is being dried up.

Why does not the press enlighten the public as to the sharp contrast between our frenzied debt-inflation system and its extreme opposite—the sound, honest money system by which Lincoln's administration financed four years of a great war without creating debt? Lincoln knew there is no excuse for a government to create debt for internal spending.

The Civil War was financed by a revolving fund of cash, and the adequate circulation endowed the Northern and some border states with the highest general prosperity and solvency in the nation's history.—*S. Pearson.*

THE ARMANDO SAGA CONTINUES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE THREE COFFEE CUPS DRAWING BY ARMANDO APPEARING ISSUE OCTOBER FOURTH LIBERTY MAGAZINE STOP HE HAS VERY CLEVERLY PRESENTED PAN AMERICANISM AT A GLANCE STOP PLEASE ACCEPT MY APPRECIATION FOR THIS ADULT WAY OF ILLUSTRATING ARTICLES ON PAN AMERICA AND LET THE POTBELLIED HEAVILY MUSTACHED GUITAR HOLDING TYPE OF THE PAST SLEEP HIS ETERNAL SIESTA.—ALBERTO ORTEGA, INSTITUTO CUBANO DE ESTABILIZACION DEL CAFE 99 WALL ST.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Armando's composite caricatures in Liberty are really brilliant. Next to being able to create a successful motion picture, I would wish for his ability to place so much thought in so small a space. Let us see some more.—*Cecil B. De Mille.*

THIS TOPSY-TURVY WORLD: OR, WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Now that the boys are so brave as to risk their lives to defend our Constitution, shouldn't we working girls do our share?

I myself make fifty per week—I would probably never have made over eighteen if it hadn't been for the war—and spend at least twenty-five of it showing the boys a good time every week.

Don't you think it would be a splendid idea if every working girl took on some lonely boy without money, or without much money, and did her best to show him a good time, even if it took half her salary to do it?—*Mae Gutenbuch.*

YEH. MR. SAROYAN IS PROBABLY PRETTY CHAGRINED

UTICA, N. Y.—In October 4 Liberty, in an article headed Saroyan Among the Philistines, you mention that this young man is a former Western Union messenger boy. In a photograph you show him wearing a Postal Telegraph messenger cap.

I happen to know that Mr. Saroyan is a former Postal Telegraph messenger boy, not Western Union. I am a loyal reader of Liberty and a faithful Postal Telegraph employee.—*W. J. Woldark, Mgr. Utica Office.*

Many eagle-eyed Vox Poppers wrote in about this.—VOX POP ED.

"Let's take Mrs. Smith's cooky pantry into custody for its own good."

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Know your M's

1. This is M____

2. This is a M_____

3. This is a M_____

4. This is a M___

5. This is a M_____

6. This is M_____ & M____

The whiskey that's Mild, Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Maize;* 2, *Microscope;* 3, *Manatee;* 4, *Mask;* 5, *Mollusk;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

The Best of 'em is

M&M

–Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

TODAY'S BIG HEAD-LINE

2 HEADS 3 HEADS 4 HEADS

REMINGTON DOUBLE-HEADER. Magnetic-type, power unit. Extra quiet. AC only. $12.75

REMINGTON DUAL. The original two-headed shaver that amazed the world with its 90-second shave. AC-DC. $15.75

REMINGTON TRIPLE-HEADER. Now smashing all sales records for electric shavers! The famous Remington Dual plus a special head for trimming sideburns, mustache, stray hairs on neck or Adam's apple. AC-DC. $17.50

REMINGTON FOURSOME. *Three* full-length cutting heads *plus* a special trimming head. Today's most sensational advancement in electric shavers. In a handsome deluxe carrying case that contains a non-breakable shaving mirror. AC-DC. $19.50

HERE IS the greatest concentration of shaving power that has ever been turned loose on man's whiskers. Here are electric shavers that don't rely on just *one* shaving head. They've got *two, three* and even *four* heads to whisk away the whiskers before they know what clipped them. No wonder men are cleaning out dealers' stocks of Remingtons as fast as our overtaxed factories can turn them out. So see your dealer right away, try one out and at least get your name on the "priority" list! *General Shaver Div. of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. Service stations at Remington Offices in more than 130 cities.*

USED AND RECOMMENDED BY LEADING BARBERS. Already over 16,000 barbers—including the Terminal Barber Shops, world's largest chain—use and recommend Remington multiple-head shavers—agree that no other shaver can match them for fast, close shaves!

REMINGTON RAND

Man to Man

BY GERALD McCA

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

☆ TOO many lists of gifts for soldiers seem to have been written by people who think that khaki is cute. Evidently they don't realize that army regulations give a soldier plenty of khaki and that he likes to get away from it in his personal equipment.

I've seen khaki toilet kits so cheaply made that you wouldn't take them on a camping trip, much less use them day after day. And even well made stuff like those cigarette cases covered with uniform cloth and decorated with insignia or gold braid would be more appropriate and more appreciated as gifts *from* a service man to his girl friend or kid brother back home. For himself he'd prefer good leather or silver—gold if you can afford it, because it can be hocked anywhere.

I don't mean to say that you have to spend a lot of dough; but whatever you give should be practical and good of its kind. And here are some less obvious items which, incidentally, most civilians would also appreciate.

There's a pocket comb with a sterling silver top which conceals a nail file. Comes in a flat pigskin case for about three dollars in stores like Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles, Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.

A good clasp knife with a genuine stag handle, corkscrew, bottle opener, can opener, and screw driver as well as blade, costs two bucks at Hoffritz.

In mechanized units, a non-magnetic wrist watch is the only one that functions properly. Practically the whole of New York's Seventh Regiment went off to camp with some like those Abercrombie & Fitch sells for twenty-five dollars—waterproof, shockproof, stainless steel case, unshatterable crystal, fifteen-jewel movement, pigskin strap.

Every service man I talked to thought a fountain pen was a swell idea. Get one of good standard make, such as Sheaffer's, Parker, or Waterman, but be sure it has a military clip—right at the top—so that a pocket flap can be buttoned over it, as required by regulations.

Abercrombie & Fitch sells a writing case made of leather-bound fabric, holding tablet, envelopes, and address book, for three fifty; the same in cowhide with a lock is eight fifty.

You've probably thought of toilet

kits, but do you know whether he prefers a box he can dump his stuff into, or one with loops into which the articles fit? Charbert has brought out a swell-looking case of the latter type, about the size of a good-sized book. Six dollars and well worth it. Made of alligator grain with a waterproof lining, it has zippers at the sides which permit the front to drop down when you hang it on a hook. Two pockets accommodate razor, brush, comb, etc. It comes fitted with shaving cream, after-shaving lotion, talcum, hair pomade, and eau de Cologne.

Service men have to buy their own soap. Furthermore, ordinary soap often doesn't lather in the chemically treated water they are apt to find on maneuvers. Altman has an "All Water" soap which is good in hot, cold, hard, or soft water. A dozen cakes cost only a dollar thirty-five.

With winter coming on, a dressing gown would be much appreciated. Make it flannel and keep it plain. You probably wouldn't be fool enough to send anything like the one I saw which had a big insignia in three colors on the pocket, and three gold metal braid stripes at the cuffs.

Old-fashioned moccasins are the best slippers, and quite inexpensive. They're easy on the dogs after a long route march, and they have no inner soles to curl up when you put wet feet into them.

A bag for furlough travel. They prefer the kit bag to the box type. Mark Cross' Bunker Bag ought to fit the bill. Made of solid cowhide, it is closed on top in the ordinary way but has a zipper along one side that gives access to a waterproof compartment where shoes and soiled clothes are kept separate. Twenty-seven fifty.

If that's too high, take a look at some of those smart cases of dark brown duck with handles and corners of cowhide. Abercrombie & Fitch sells one, for eleven fifty, which folds into its own envelope when empty—the envelope itself becoming sort of a briefcase.

Saks Fifth Avenue has a Vagabond Bag made of heavy sailcloth. A drop front allows you to get at things in the bottom without disturbing everything else. There's a false bottom for dirty linen, and waterproof pockets for toilet articles. Twelve fifty.

I'll appreciate tips "straight from the horse's mouth" from men in the services.

THE END

Here...it shows you right in this Figuring Chart!"

When you buy a car on time, naturally you want a low cost plan...one that offers you the lowest monthly payments, sound insurance, and reliable service. Here's a suggestion to help you find that plan—

Just send the coupon below for the simple GMAC Figuring Chart that gives you all car-financing details in *dollars* and *cents*. This chart shows you exactly what you get for what you pay . . . enables you to figure easily the cost of your entire deal. Then compare various finance plans and what they offer ...see for yourself just where and how you can save!

You'll see definitely that the lower the financing cost, the lower your monthly payments will be. You'll be surprised at how little it really costs for financing on the General Motors Instalment Plan! And remember, *this* plan includes broad insurance protection for your car!

But learn for yourself why the GMAC Plan is *the* low cost way for you to buy a car on time. Send the coupon for your Figuring Chart right now!

This plan is available only through dealers in Buick, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Cadillac cars.

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GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
1775 Broadway, New York

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Please send me copy of GMAC Figuring Chart for the car checked below:

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Address_____

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State_____

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GMAC figuring chart

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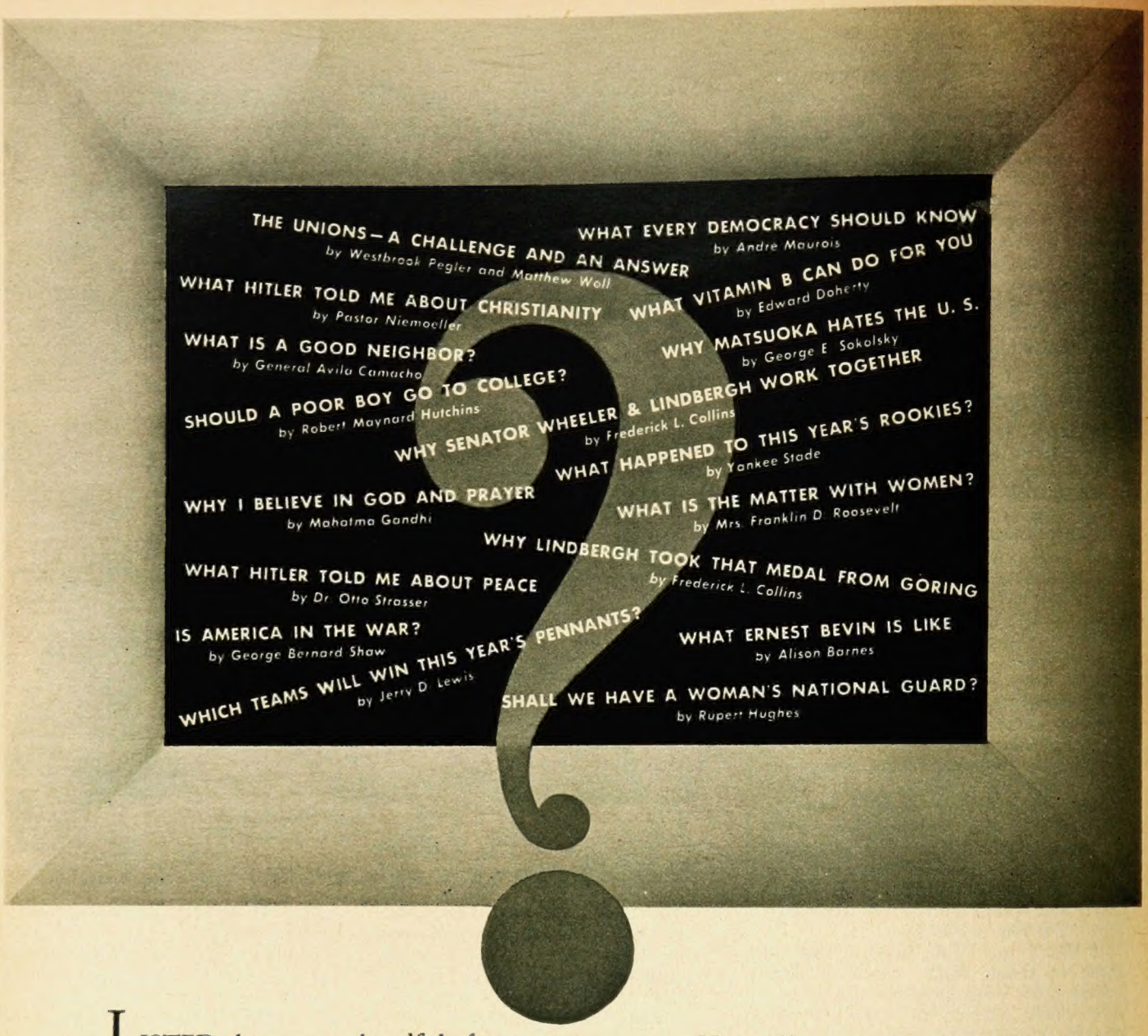
THE UNIONS—A CHALLENGE AND AN ANSWER
by Westbrook Pegler and Matthew Woll
WHAT EVERY DEMOCRACY SHOULD KNOW
by Andre Maurois
WHAT HITLER TOLD ME ABOUT CHRISTIANITY
by Pastor Niemoeller
WHAT VITAMIN B CAN DO FOR YOU
by Edward Doherty
WHAT IS A GOOD NEIGHBOR?
by General Avila Camacho
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by George E. Sokolsky
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by Robert Maynard Hutchins
WHY SENATOR WHEELER & LINDBERGH WORK TOGETHER
by Frederick L. Collins
WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS YEAR'S ROOKIES?
by Yankee Stade
WHY I BELIEVE IN GOD AND PRAYER
by Mahatma Gandhi
WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH WOMEN?
by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
WHY LINDBERGH TOOK THAT MEDAL FROM GORING
by Frederick L. Collins
WHAT HITLER TOLD ME ABOUT PEACE
by Dr. Otto Strasser
IS AMERICA IN THE WAR?
by George Bernard Shaw
WHAT ERNEST BEVIN IS LIKE
by Alison Barnes
WHICH TEAMS WILL WIN THIS YEAR'S PENNANTS?
by Jerry D. Lewis
SHALL WE HAVE A WOMAN'S NATIONAL GUARD?
by Rupert Hughes

LISTED above are a handful of current Liberty titles.

They all have three things in common—they employ, or imply, the question mark; they are timely in interest; they are written by recognized authorities. And the articles themselves are concise—they average 9 minutes 4 seconds Reading Time.

As you look over these titles, look beyond them at some of the major planks in Liberty's publishing platform.

1. *Liberty is searching and inquiring in tone.*
2. *It is timely, journalistic and forward looking.*
3. *It is authoritatively written by vivid and colorful personalities.*
4. *Its format is compact, its articles are complete yet concise, so that reading is a pleasure rather than a chore.*

Naturally such a magazine appeals to alert, active people—people whose inquiring minds seek concise and authoritative answers to questions of today and tomorrow.

Add to this article formula the fiction of Ben Hecht, Achmed Abdullah, Fannie Hurst and other famous authors, and you will see why millions of Americans turn every week to

Liberty

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

NOVEMBER 8, 1941 VOL 18 NO 45

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

☆ MR. MORGENTHAU has made the proposal that the government confiscate everything above a 6-per-cent profit made by any business. If a soapbox orator proposed such a plan, we would call that "wildcat." But Mr. Morgenthau is not a soapbox orator. He is Secretary of the Treasury of the United States of America, trustee of the nation's bank account. What does he mean by a profit on invested capital? He has never explained. It is hard to find any two economists who can agree on what the phrase "invested capital" means. If it is made to mean the gross profit on capital originally invested in an enterprise, before taxes, then Morgenthau's plan means a complete loss to every one who owns stock in any company in this country. That means confiscation. Annihilation!

Again, on the record, our same Mr. Morgenthau, talking to bankers only a few weeks ago, used the word "levy." True, he did not say "capital levy," but that is what many citizens fear that he really means. Certainly his 6-per-cent plan in itself amounts to a capital levy. Conservative Americans suspect that Mr. Morgenthau is softening up the American people, preparing them for an all-out capital levy. Again, the scheme to put over a plan of compulsory savings on us—with money deducted from your pay envelope to make you save—would leave us without capital for investment in any private enterprise. That would mean ultimate death to capitalism.

Again let us look at the record. The government brings suit against certain labor unions through the zeal of that self-righteous Savonarola of the Department of Justice, Mr. Thurman Arnold. At first glance this might not seem to be a move in the direction of totalitarianism. But that is only at first glance. The starry-eyed idealists, the left-wingers in Washington, feel that they have already got big business down for the count. They overturned it through the political strength of labor unions. Now labor is next. They must not be allowed to feel too strong. So the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission prosecute certain labor unions under the Anti-Trust Law. Among the unions accused of illegal practices are the women's cloak, suit, and millinery unions.

Here the picture begins to look very strange indeed!

For years the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, one of the largest in the country, has worked in harmony with employers. They have a system of permanent arbitration devised by the late Louis D. Brandeis before he went on the Supreme Court. Working with an employers' group called the National Coat and Suit Recovery Board, the union has kept peace among fifty thousand workers and fifteen hundred firms. During the depression the union is reported even to have given financial aid to the employers. Good work, is it not so? Yet this is the type of union which the government is going to sue. Why? Why does Mr. David Dubinsky, head of this excellent union, find himself put in the same class as racketeers and criminals?

Apparently there is a determined effort to establish a single Washington-controlled labor organization. It will be a closed shop, but it will be bossed by the government. That scheme is characteristic of Germany, of Italy, and of Soviet Russia. It is National Socialism. It is totalitarian.

Is it not clear that there is a cloud on the horizon much, much bigger than a man's hand?

It is a cloud of Communistic notions—capital levy, compulsory savings, government control of labor unions, and much more to come. There is the studied and intentional destruction of the small business man and the small manufacturer by a system of priorities which leaves the little man without raw materials or fabricated goods. So he has to close up. There is the system of defense contracts which gives most work to prime contractors. They are all large firms. Subcontracting depends on the large firms.

Is all this accidental? He who believes in the American way of life, in all the freedoms, including freedom of enterprise, may be forgiven for his doubts. No wonder many are beginning to believe that there is a plan to socialize the United States without revolution, to communize it by taxes, by concentration of labor and industry under government control, by the elimination of the small business man and the abolishment of the middle class—the heart and soul of old-time free America.

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"The attack on Russia has failed because Churchill and Roosevelt wouldn't be fooled!" What next?

Ca

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ HITLER wants peace — now. But on his own terms. He knows that if his next, his final peace offensive fails, the war will have to be fought to a finish. Then he must either conquer the world or go down in ignominious defeat.

Today he and the men who surround him realize that they have been outmaneuvered by 10 Downing Street. The Roosevelt-Churchill combination has completely outclassed them in the political arena. After more than two years of warfare in which the German panzer divisions have won every offensive, Hitler's peace score still stands at zero.

His peace plans have miscarried from the very first day of the war. He banked on a bloodless triumph. The geopolitical plan makers of Munich had assured him that if he followed their blueprint he would become master of the European continent and its colonial possessions without firing a shot. Their idea was conquest by intimidation. The formula was Haushofer's one-over-one system: Never announce more than one aim at one time, and never take on more than one foe at one time.

In the beginning it worked out most effectively. Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland, captured Austria, raped Czechoslovakia, all without sacrificing a single German soldier. Then the geopolitical masterminds went into a huddle. Again it was Haushofer, the old Munich general and scholar, who called the play: the Stalin-Hitler nonaggression pact, intended to frighten off Britain and France while Poland was made to toe the mark.

The day that the Chamberlain and Daladier governments declared war on Germany, and Poland decided to resist invasion, Hitler's faith in the Haushofer planning received a severe jolt. True, his mechanized divisions and Göring's Luftwaffe were to force the capitulation of Warsaw within a month. Yet he was fully aware that he had lost an important political battle; the first Nazi peace offensive—launched on the morning of August 24, 1939, when Ribbentrop and Molotov signed the Nazi-Communist agreement—had failed. War from then on no longer was bloodless conquest.

German statesmen and diplomats are notoriously unable to understand the mentality of other nations. Today it is no longer a secret that from September 28, 1939, to April, 1940, Hitler marked time on the French front, hoping that a Britain terrified by his show of military power in Poland would make a deal with him and abandon Europe to German domination. Similarly, he permitted Russia to invade Finland in the belief that this would conjure up the picture of Bol-

shevism on the march and so pave the way for a German-British peace. The English are more afraid of Stalin than of Hitler, the geopolitical psychologists calculated. But when London did not budge, even after the end of that Russo-Finnish war, Hitler realized once more that he would have to fight on.

The lulls between his blitzkriegs disclose the gradual collapse of the Reich's plan. The intermission in 1940 between the fall of Paris on June 14 and the all-out Nazi air assault on London in September is most revealing. Nazi military strategists clamored for a vigorous onslaught against the British Isles on the morrow of the French collapse. They knew that the British forces evacuated from Dunkirk, the only trained English army, were unable to offer any resistance; that England was left virtually stripped of effective land defense armaments. Now if ever was the time for a daring Nazi blitz coup. But it was not to be. Haushofer and his circle had predicted that "the mercenary selfishness of England's ruling class" would throw up the sponge after France surrendered. When Churchill upset Haushofer's theory, Hitler's fury knew no bounds and Göring received orders to destroy London.

Yet even this major error did not cure Hitler of his obstinate illusion. Every important military and political offensive that he has launched since September, 1940, has had this one goal: to force England to her knees without having to risk an invasion. In the last thirteen months he has made seven distinct attempts:

1. The announcement of the Tokyo-Berlin Axis, on September 27, 1940, designed as a threat against the British Empire in Asia.

2. The signing of a new friendship pact between Russia and Germany on January 10, 1941.

3. The taking over of Bulgaria on March 1, 1941, as a warning that Turkey's military co-operation with England would be checked in the event of a Nazi push through the Middle East.

4. Hitler's diplomatic dillydallying for five months with Yugoslavia, whereby he let Italy be defeated in Greece and Libya. He refrained from aiding Italy in order to appear ready to sacrifice her if Britain should "come to her senses."

5. Germany's air-borne invasion of Crete in May, 1941, an unnecessary and costly adventure entered into solely to convince England that an invasion of the British islands was feasible.

6. The Hess flight to England on May 10, 1941. Unquestionably a direct peace proposal to Britain.

7. Hitler's invasion of Russia on June 22, designed primarily as:

(a) An appeal to British appeasement groups (whose strength Hitler overestimated), over the head of the Churchill government. It was to provide irrefutable proof that he was intent mainly upon stamping out Bolshevism and was ready to call off the war in the west.

(b) A supreme attempt to stop American war aid. Nazi agents had reported on Earl Browder's imprisonment, the Coudert-Rapp investigation, the Bridges case, the Dies Committee, etc. Into all this Nazism had read an assurance that the United States would be glad to promote a British-German peace once Germany's war aims were ostensibly directed exclusively at the destruction of Communism.

All Hitler's peace offensives proved dismal failures. The Churchill-Roosevelt leadership refused to be fooled. They concentrated on one task only: the destruction of Nazism. Churchill did not wait twenty-four hours after the Nazi invasion of Russia to state Britain's wholehearted acceptance of the Soviet Union's aid in the battle against Hitler. Roosevelt followed suit, making it clear that not only would the United States continue its aid to Britain but the American arsenal would supply Russia too with war material.

The Nazi attack on Russia proved the costliest psychological blunder of the war. The Haushofer influence over Hitler has definitely come to an end.

Hitler, however, will try one more peace offensive, the plan of which was bequeathed to him by the Munich blueprinters. It will be staged in the near future, the date depending on military developments in Russia. In the geopolitical terminology, this supreme peace offensive is called the Proclamation of NEUROPA. With much solemn ceremony Hitler will announce to the world that German military operations have been successfully concluded, and that the Reich has reached its objective and from now on will fight only a defensive war. Then the "establishment of the New Europe" will be staged by Goebbels, most probably in Berlin but possibly in Switzerland.

"Representatives" of every European nation controlled or dominated by Hitler will answer the roll call; will officially pledge themselves to Hitler's New Order in Europe. The scenery and stage directions will be worked out with the utmost realism. The "new unified Europe" will demand that Churchill and Roosevelt stop interfering in its internal affairs and cease their armed conflict against a united continent.

England and America will never succeed in rallying their peoples against Germany once they are confronted with a European continent "eager to initiate a lasting period of peace," predict Hitler's spokesmen.

Whether or not the Neuropa peace move can be put across depends, of course, on whether the nations under the Nazi yoke, the real Europe that is hungering for liberation, can be silenced completely. The democratic forces that still remain alive on the Continent sense the danger of Hitler's final attempt to gain a breathing spell. That is why sabotage against Nazi rule is increasing and heroic individuals are sacrificing their lives to puncture the mirage of a Hitler-united Europe.

What underlies Hitler's frantic efforts is by no means a desire for permanent peace. German reserves of raw material, primarily oil, are approaching exhaustion. German morale had not been geared for a long war. Hitler needs an armistice to give him a few years in which to prepare for a new war period of expansion, this time into colonial territories.

Will Hitler's supreme peace offensive succeed?

It doesn't look that way. Churchill and Roosevelt are fully aware of Hitler's plan to present the world with a "unified Europe." They will not be fooled. They know that Europe can be unified only if he relinquishes his hold on the war-torn continent. And that can happen only if his military offensives collapse as completely as his peace offensives have failed.

THE END

itler Make Peace *Now?*

BY PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

Author of That Day Alone, Days of Our Years, etc.

Exempted

"Pray with me a minute, Miss Penny, can you? Here in this corner, just a little."

ILLUSTRATOR SEYMOUR BALL

READING TIME • 35 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ FOR the first time in his twenty-four years, a fellow named Fred Butterick was sleeping badly.

On his clean and narrow bed in his mother's clean and narrow home on a clean and narrow side street in the small city in which he had been born, he found himself awakening in fits and starts throughout the nights, nets of sweat across his forehead and beneath his hair.

It was heavy dark amber hair and Fred's body was a smooth light-colored one, not muscular, although it was just short of six feet, wide-shouldered, narrow-waisted, and could readily have been trained into brawn.

His mother deplored her boy's lack of opportunity for the outdoor life, but she reasoned that the implications which went with his position in the offices of Craig & Gooden, the city's outstanding firm of architects, were compensation for his enforced sedentary life.

There had not been funds to educate Fred for the kind of skilled draftsmanship required in an architect's office. It just so happened that when the death of his father had necessitated his leaving school his first position as a fifteen-year-old office boy had been with Craig & Gooden. He had been there ever since, inching his way steadily toward better standing and opportunity with the firm.

His mother thought him very handsome. If not exactly that, Fred was definitely on the nice clean-cut American design: square chin, square shoulders, square hands with big knuckles like his father's before him and his father's Scotch ancestors' before him.

Widowed, dependent, on the frail side, Fred's mother thought of herself as very much in her son's way, and grieved. In fact, if he lay sleepless on his bed these nights, this gentle lady, in her even tinier room down the hall, also tossed her nights through, consumed with an inner misery which she did her best to conceal.

A fellow can't live in a world with war and women, and not wonder about things. But when he falls in love with a voice . .

BY FANNIE HURST

Emma Denny Butterick, whose father had fought in the Spanish-American War and whose husband had seen service at Château-Thierry, did not take easily to the corroding fact that her son was a forced applicant for exemption from military service, now that her country, what with Europe embroiled in a second World War, was again drafting men for military service.

She cried in her bed while her sole support tossed wakeful in his; and although the strip of hallway and a bathroom and kitchen separated them, it seemed to her that throughout the nights she could hear Fred's small radio, which against the possibility of awakening her he played softly beneath a pillow.

He answered her soft accusation: "Sure, you're right, mother. I've discovered the Starlight Matinee—a guy who calls himself Allan Doe plays recorded music all night. I can sleep to it, and it's nice to wake up once in a while during the night to soft music in the room. Besides, I've fallen for a dame named Sylvia," he teased, "who sings recorded music and has fur on her voice."

"You don't get your proper rest, setting your nights to music. And stop your 'nonsensing' about the girls, son."

That was his mother's term for teasing. It was also her way of turning aside from the hurt in her heart when Fred referred banteringly to his myth of a social life. A young man supporting a frail and widowed mother on a salary that just about reached could not very well lift his eyes to the new horizons of a home and family of his own.

And now this latest! Only the wife of Fred Butterick Senior could know what it must be meaning to Fred Butterick Junior to be asking exemption from military service at a time when his country was commandeering her man power, even when the validity of his request was so apparent that it was granted without delay.

Exemption had the effect on Fred of slowing down his appetite and his step, and of dousing entirely his habit of morning song as he showered and shaved.

His mother had especially liked these hearty matinal sounds during his ablutions. It denoted something right and zestful about the manner in which Fred faced his days. After all, no boy who whistled and sang the latest song hits while shaving was too oppressed by his responsibilities.

All that was changed now. Something had gone out of the small home since on all sides neighborhood boys were beginning to drop out of the scene, and fellows on leave began to spot the town with uniforms.

Not a word out of him, mind you. Let the future take care of itself, what will be will be, had been his bearing where his mother was concerned. They seldom discussed the war. Life as usual was their slogan. Life as usual, except that the life had gone out of it.

☆ WHAT cracked down on a fellow like the very dickens was this new shenanigan, as Fred put it to himself, of not sleeping. Cripes, never knew what a wakeful night meant until this business!

Wasn't easy to be a live and strapping fellow, lying wakeful every night in your two-by-four, doing just exactly nothing, while all about was a world in a helluva mess, with a couple of bandit dictators trying to climb on top of it, and your country calling you to help pull them down. Nobody to blame for his helluva mess, but just the same—hundreds and thousands, yes, millions of fellows were wearing the khaki now—and were being important to the very existence of old U. S. A.

Naturally, a fellow, if he was any kind of a fellow, wanted to be on the spot when old U. S. A. had need of him. Made him want to slink up a back alley—no matter what reason, by gad, no matter what reason—not to be wearing the uniform when your number came up.

Made a fellow feel so covered over with the goose flesh of misery that he didn't get his sleep and showed up at the office looking as groggy as he felt. And that was no good, especially these days, because already a portion of the office personnel, Glazer and Ehling, Smithers, Lamport, and Levy, were in service and replacements were slowing down office pace and putting extra pressure on Fred.

"Never mind, Butterick," the senior member had said, laying his arm along Fred's shoulder. "There is no such thing as exemption from war, once it begins its rampage. You'll get your chance to serve your country, one way or another."

Perhaps. But it was difficult to see how. Thirty dollars a week for two people had not allowed for a nest egg, and it was only in the last two years it had been that much. For the widowed years prior to Fred's earning capacity, Mrs. Butterick had supported the two of them, nicely too, on the combined income from plain sewing, which had all but cost her her eyes, and an additional twenty dollars a month from Sunday-school teaching.

All in this period, Fred had miraculously had his teeth straightened by the town's outstanding specialist, attended the town's first-class dancing school, and worn clean first-rate clothing. Abetted only by his small earnings at distributing evening papers and running after-school errands for a dyeing-and-cleaning establishment, he had owned his own football, aerial set, skates, bicycle, and ukulele.

His mother had accomplished her miracle of rearing him thus on a shoestring and then paid for it with her eyes. Fred knew that, and the knowing hurt him like a skewer through and through him.

Gad, a fellow need apologize to no one for asking exemption in behalf of such a responsibility!

And yet, Fred began to turn down side streets in order to avoid meeting a uniform if he saw one coming, just as he began to avoid the newsreel theaters and their emphasis upon defense programs. And when the brooding got hold of him more and more, as it did at night, he was careful not to tune in on commentators who had to do with war. Drat the war! Drat the war! Fred didn't want to hear about it. Starlight Matinee—Lombardo—South American Music Hour—Sylvia—Benny Goodman—music. Music got at a fellow—helped him. Funny he hadn't ever fully realized that before, how music helped a fellow—soft and low. Sometimes Fred could scarcely wait to get to bed, smother the radio beneath a pillow, and tune in.

That was how he met and, after a manner of saying, fell in love with Sylvia.

Sylvia was a voice which came to him by what was described over the air as "electrical transmission." She was a frequent repeater, especially during Fred's favorite all-night Starlight Matinee. It was a five-hour program, lasting from midnight until dawn, of recorded music designed for the nocturnal psychology of the nocturnal dial turner.

You were invited by the Glamour Soap sponsors of the Starlight Matinee program to wire your requests for favorite selections. Fred, who had spent many a twenty cents he could ill afford sending in such telegrams, particularly for his favorite of all songs, I'm in Love, actually wooed his wakefulness if it promised to include Sylvia. Time and time again, he had telegraphed: "Starlight Matinee. Gem Broadcasting Company. Please have Sylvia sing I'm in Love between four and five o'clock." Usually he signed himself "I. Somniac."

The announcer, Allan Doe, read all messages over the air, and usually,

when he came to Fred's, would pass a pleasantry something like this: "Glad to hear from you again, Somniac. Sorry we can't give you I'm in Love between four and five, because it's already past that now; but stand by a bit and you'll have it." Or on one occasion Doe had said: "Boy, you certainly like Sylvia, and I don't blame you. Here she is!"

So actually it could be said that Fred wooed his wakefulness, after a manner of speaking, if it promised to include a Sylvia.

Lying on his tossed pillow, feeling the fever of restlessness burn away at his body, when Sylvia came Fred could feel the warm shape of her lips against his ear; feel the warm and living voice; the furry contralto that could raise a nap of goose skin along his entire body as she sang, in that slow and throaty fashion of hers, the song he carried about with him like an ache in the heart:

"I'm in love with the American scene,
I'm in love with a girl named Francine;
I'm in love with them both,
And I pledge them my troth,
The American scene, and a girl named Francine.

"I'm in love with the American scene,
I'm in love with a boy named Eugene;
I'm in love with them both,
And I pledge them my troth,
The American scene, and a boy named Eugene.

"I'm in love with the American scene,
I'm in love with its flag and its dream;
I'm in love with them both,
And I pledge them my troth,
The American scene, and the American dream."

A poor little lyric, ennobled by the throaty sweetness and sincerity of Sylvia who lived in a rubber disk. Fred, in his humiliation and exemption, felt so passionately the sentiments of that snatch of song. Sentiments of grandeur shabbily expressed. "I'm in love with the American scene —I'm in love with its flag and its dream—and, yes, I'm in love with a girl named—well, not Francine."

Sylvia was no mere vibration rising off the miracle of the grooves in a flat disk. Sylvia was as real as the shape of her mouth against his ear, as the furry contralto of her voice against his goose flesh, as the sweet way her lips had of seeming moist when she parted them to sing.

For the first time in his quiet and conforming life, Fred was conscious of the specific anatomy of a specific woman. It was his first woman; a sweetheart, no mere female imprisoned in a disk. When Sylvia emerged from her canned silence, she became a woman in the beautiful round. Fred had heard fellows on this subject of women. Some of it pretty disgusting. Some of it, well—provocative, to say the least. Queries of all kinds had naturally awakened in him, which however he had never aired, least of all to his mother. A fellow couldn't somehow live in the world and pass women on the street, pretty ones with saucy hips and bright hair, and move between stenographers' desks in the office, flirtatious girls with mannered behavior, and not wonder things and query things. But that had been just that, no more.

But now! Sylvia sang him to sleep and sang him awake. I'm in love with the American scene, I'm in love with a girl named Francine. He loved the way she pronounced F-r-rancine. She rolled the *r* a little and coated the entire word with a lisp that had a small hiss to it, like a kiss. I'm in love with a girl named Fr-ran—c-cine. He loved the way she pronounced Eugene, as if it were spelled Yew-gene. Adorable was the word for Sylvia.

Fred sent more and more wires to the Starlight Matinee. "Please have Sylvia sing I'm in Love at four thirty," signed "I. Somniac." Or, when it seemed to him his repeats became conspicuous, he sent something like this: "Give the boys at the Hartford All Night Lunch Wagon Sylvia singing I'm in Love. Two o'clock preferred."

In a strange way, Sylvia, remote, imprisoned, was as much a pain in his heart as his exemption.

It was not surprising that his mother, regarding the pallor of her boy, his listlessness, inertia, and loss of appetite, began, as she put it, to worry in her very bones.

Even the senior member of the firm, who had a warm spot for this nice quiet fellow, paused beside Fred's drafting board one morning to remark:

"You look drawn through a keyhole, Butterick. Don't come to the office Saturdays during this month. That will give you a couple of weekend days to yourself."

It was on the first of these free Saturdays that Fred met up, at his neighborhood Young Men's Christian Association, with a young post-office night clerk who had been drafted and then rejected for physical unfitness.

Twenty pounds underweight, weak-chested and with faulty metatarsal arches, Padraic Farley drifted into a compatibility with Fred Butterick which was largely the result of their respective military status, or lack of it.

A couple of invalidated draftees, after licking one another's wounds, so to speak, formed a small pact that gave them satisfaction of a sort.

Saturday and Sunday mornings Farley and Butterick met by appointment in the unused half of the garage behind the grocery store of Farley's brother-in-law on Nett Street for purpose of military drill: Padraic toward achieving a degree of fitness that might at least qualify him for some form of subsidiary defense service, Fred toward—well, toward he knew not what, except that in his sore and troubled spirit a fellow felt, if he was not exactly doing something constructive by way of these workouts, he was at least going in the direction of it. At any rate, not standing still.

Meanwhile, Fred and Padraic, drifting together thus, marked time literally. The unused section of the so-called garage suited this purpose well enough. "So-called" used advisedly, because actually the rear of the premises had become little more than a woodshed.

Old lumber, salvaged from what had been a lean-to for the grocer's supply of inflammable merchandise such as gasoline and kerosene, was stacked ceiling-high against the rear wall. Empty oil cans, crates, and a flock of dismantled chandeliers were also piled around in a sort of orderly chaos. The cleared space, well swept

asphalt, constituted a limited drill area, but it was warm and dry, adequately lighted by a bulb depending from a wire, and broom- and mop-sticks, shovels and a crowbar served the purposes of equipment.

It seemed to Fred's mother that her boy perked up a bit, particularly after his regiment increased to four members, after a young fellow named Andrew Plow, also of the Craig & Gooden office and also rejected for metatarsal reasons, joined up with them, as well as the grocer's sixteen-year-old son Matthew, almost as lanky and underweight as his uncle Padraic.

To be sure, Fred continued to eat badly, sleep badly, and turn down side streets at the distant sight of fellows in khaki. But by now all sorts of pamphlets and basic field manuals

began to appear around the house, and, eager with destination, Fred fairly bolted the meals his mother so carefully prepared in order to be off to drill in the garage.

It is doubtful if he had ever stopped to try and analyze or deduce concerning this business of warfare. Fred had not a particularly analytical mind. War was bad, of course. Lousy. Fred certainly did not believe in war. Ought to be abolished. Why the heck can't men live in peace? What the heck! War in Europe. So what! According to his mother, his own dad, way back there in the first World War, hadn't even known what he was fighting for, except to make the world safe for democracy, and so far as Fred's dad had known, it was safe enough as it was. Just the same, in order to make what seemed that safe world safer for democracy, Fred's dad had to get on a ship and go to Château-Thierry, which he couldn't even pronounce, and get a gassing from which he had ultimately died. And now look! Where was the safety for democracy? Look at it now, only twenty-five years later! Reminded Fred, if you asked him, of one of those revolving barber poles. The human race spiraling upward and getting nowhere. All that seemed to get bigger and better were the wars themselves. Fred didn't believe in war, no sirree! But, by golly, if your country ordered you into one, that was a horse of another color. These pacifist fellows hadn't any right to put their views above their country's needs. Pacifism was peacetime talk, but it just didn't hold for wartime.

Fred, like his father and his grandfather before him, loved his country enough to live for it and die for it; and when you felt that way, there came a point when you stopped reasoning and jumped in, the way you would after a kid who had fallen overboard. You didn't stand on shore then and argue that the kid shouldn't have gone near the water in the first place. You jumped in after!

And how Fred wanted to jump in after! He was in a continual state, these days, of feeling the way he did when they played The Star-Spangled Banner. Goose-fleshed!

He was against war, but he wanted to be in his uniform and part of his country's struggle to maintain a way of life which he loved in a way a fellow didn't think much about, much less talk about, any more than he talked about the way he loved his mother, or his girl, if he had one.

☆ MORE and more, as fellows continued to drop out of the office and the country began to bristle with defense procedure, the drills in the back of the grocer's garage helped keep his position on the side lines less unendurable.

The basic field manuals which he had obtained by writing to Washington were almost memorized by now, particularly the one which contained the section devoted to The Soldier Without Arms, which he kept open propped on a ledge during all drills.

Perversely, it was Padraic's sixteen-year-old nephew, who was not qualifiable for the draft by two years, who was the most adept of the lot.

"Say, fellows, I know a place where you can rent rifles. We ought to organize as a squad. We gotta carry equipment, Fred."

"Keep your shirt on, Mat. We've got to get Padraic in condition first. We've corrective exercises to attend to before we go into positions and formations. Military efficiency is dependent upon physical fitness."

"Sez you!"

It was in the midst of these corrective exercises that Fred, illustrating a high jump, accidentally knocked a slab of lumber from its stack against the garage wall just in time to land full weight on a jagged rusty nail which pierced his foot so deeply that it came through the instep.

It was a deep ugly wound which the druggist cauterized and dressed in a tight wrap of gauze.

"Better go around with it to the clinic, son," he advised. "Rusty nails are as ferocious as mad dogs."

Fred, to whom the wound felt cleansed and quiet, washed out his sock as a further aseptic precaution and went home, walking off the ball of his foot but limping so slightly that even his mother did not notice.

☆ THE wound was about five days old when suddenly, even though he had kept it cleansed and dressed, it began to pain him more than it had in the beginning. It was a shooting pain that went as far up as the knee. This, in a self-appeasing self-diagnosis, he attributed to his generous use of iodine. Musta burned myself, he reasoned, and went out to the men's room of Craig & Gooden and changed the dressing.

It was not until long past the following midnight, after several hours of raging pain that now shot up the length of his leg into the groin, that Fred began to face the grim query: "Can this be blood poisoning?"

It could be, and was. Before noon of the following day Fred, in the Post-Graduate Hospital, was putting up a fight for his leg and probably for his life.

The doctors had little to say to the small figure of Mrs. Butterick as it crouched outside the ward as many hours of the day and night as regulations would permit. They had little to say chiefly because there was so little to say. As one of them explained to her, the outcome of this conflict between life and death lay ahead, just as answer to the world conflict between totalitarianism and democracy lay ahead.

And so, as Fred, who wanted so to fight for it, believed that might lay in the right and tolerant way of democracy, so his doctors placed their faith in the strong right-living body of this regular American fellow.

There was little, however, that was regular about his case. Not only was the galloping nature of the infection portentous, but a baffling respiratory complication set in, to say nothing of a quite abnormal resistance to hypodermics, which finally impelled the ward doctor to call in the head physician. Then it became somewhat of a chain system; because he in turn, puzzled by the unusual manifestations, also summoned an associate.

At this point, and due also to the disquieting effect of his delirium, which did not readily respond to sedatives, Fred was removed from the semiprivate ward his circumstances warranted, and placed, at no cost to himself, in a private room.

☆ HERE was a fight to the finish. The third day it seemed so close to the finish that his doctors debated whether it might not be as well to prepare the mother for what might lie imminently ahead. Poor woman, in a way it seemed cruel to shut her out of what threatened to be the lad's last hours. On the other hand, it seemed likewise to expose her to the revelations he made in his delirium.

Poor devil had apparently asked for exemption from military service on the ground of sole support of his mother, then, having obtained it, had found his status unendurable.

"If I'm willing to die for my country," he called out at the top of his delirious voice, "then my country ought to be willing to take care of ma while I'm serving! I'll repay it, if I come back. If I don't, then let them charge it up to the cost of war. Ma's no eater. Keeping ma is like keeping a little bird alive. Keeping ma would be a lucky break for Uncle Sam. She does more for a fellow than he can ever do for her. She don't let on, but this exemption business is eating her as much as it is me. We're not the exemption kind. My dad—my granddad—we—we— Hey, nurse! You know what really ails me? Don't tell ma, but what really ails me is a bad case of exemption. Yah! Hey, sergeant—hey, doctor—hey, ma—what we want is exemption from exemption. Don't let on to ma that I told you that one. She's sensitive. I'm her sole support—proud of it—"

"Pretty tough to let the poor devil's mother hear all this. Still—"

"I'm in love with the American scene. I'm in love with a girl named

(*Continued on page 56*)

The gasman gag—could you make a million with that? Radio's No. 1 comic says go ahead and try

Jack

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ IN the late summer of 1939, after having mulled over his grievances for four years, Harry W. Conn, a writer, went to his lawyer and sued Jack Benny for $65,000. Conn said that during thirty-nine weeks of working for Benny, starting in September, 1935, he had concocted jokes and japeries which Benny had continued to use and from which Benny had made the tidy sum of $1,170,000. Five per cent of this, Conn said, ought by rights to be his.

The methods Mr. Benny used to settle this little difficulty out of court are not of interest; that $1,170,000 figure is, however, since it represents the fortune you can make if, like Benny, you can go on the air for a half hour once a week and make America laugh. According to latest reports, he turned down a $25,000-a-week offer to accept $17,500 from the National Broadcasting System and the dessert manufacturer who sponsors him. In addition, he was given a unique joint contract with Paramount and Twentieth Century-Fox in which he is to be available to either or both parties and for which he will receive a typical star's salary.

Radio's number one artist got that way and stays that way through the employment of a formula he creates himself and which he zealously improves but never changes. It is by no means a secret one. The extremely literate Mr. Benny will analyze it for you upon request, and if you think you can make anything of it you have his permission to try.

Benny is a clown, as distinguished from a jester—that is, you do not laugh with him at a joke he tells; you laugh at him because the joke is always on Benny.

Benny's fabricated comedy character did not evolve into the richly complete buffoon his fans now know and delight in until he developed it for his radio shows. To be able to turn every type of gag and every variation of a situation on himself, he was forced to endow the character with all the harmless weaknesses an ordinary man can have, and exaggerate them.

In character, Benny is the greatest tightwad in modern history; he is a braggart, forever boasting about his conquests of women, his ability as an actor, and his intimate social relations with Blue Book and movie colony celebrities. Yet it always turns out that he is lying about the women, that he is a punk actor (he is perfectly adequate when he plays himself on the screen), and that none of the celebrities knows who he is.

More important than these failings, Benny feels, is the old-womanish quality he has—fussy, eternally hurt and irritated over some petty annoyance or fancied slight. Things are never going right, and everybody is always perfectly horrid to him. His anger every year because he has not been voted the Academy Award is an example.

All the other members of the show have characters just as carefully established as Benny's, and just as carefully maintained. Mary Livingstone, who is his wife, plays Benny's girl friend, a hard-boiled, straight-thinking girl who is stuck with him emotionally but knows him thoroughly and who keeps asking, in exasperation and in effect, "What's the matter with you, for Pete's sake? Whatta ya wanta be like that for?"

The most successful gag Mary was ever given to read was an excellent example of her affectionate but tough attitude toward Jack. She announced at the beginning of the program that she wanted to recite a poem, and he told her she couldn't. All through the show she kept begging him to let her read her verse and each time he said, "No, Mary, there's no time. And besides, it's probably a *lousy* poem."

Finally she told him in desperation, "Listen, Jack. You let me recite my poem, or I won't buy my Christmas cards from you next Christmas!" This is a classic variation on his tightwad propensities, Benny explains, because it shows that, not satisfied with his present job, he would plan and work for such meager pickings.

Phil Harris, the orchestra leader, is a man about town, a great guy with the ladies, who likes to drink, stay up all night, and shoot his wages on the horses. Phil picks on Benny, too, bearing down heavy on the sarcasm.

Even better than Mary's Christmas-card gag, in Benny's opinion, is the one about the oranges, with Phil in the spot. Jack has bought a house in Florida and Phil has come to visit him. As Benny is proudly showing his guest around the place, Phil reaches up to pick an orange off a tree, and Jack immediately grabs his arm. "Hey," he

yells, "none of that stuff! Don't you see that sign—no fair stealing the fruit?"

Sometime later, when Benny is in the house, an alarm bell goes off. "Oh-oh," says Benny, rushing to the window. "Phil, you put that orange right back where you got it!"

The gag got a good laugh when Jack was too stingy to let Phil have even one orange, but when the audience discovered he had gone to the immense trouble of wiring every orange in the grove with a burglar alarm, it let loose with the longest roar ever clocked on a Benny program.

The rotund announcer, Don Wilson, does the commercials, takes a bit of teasing because of his size, and likes everybody, smoothing things over when the others wrangle too long among themselves. Dennis Day, who sings romantic ballads in a good tenor, is the show's ingénu, wide-eyed and innocent as Little Annie Rooney. He replaced Kenny Baker when Baker left the show about two years ago. Like Baker, he has been given a naïve character, and is one person in the cast who is not as bright as the boss. He appears in such situations as this:

(It is Dennis' first trip to New York with the program.)

JACK: Hey, Dennis!

DENNIS: Yes, please?

JACK: Take a bow, kid. (*Applause.*) Well, here you are in the big city, Dennis. . . . Been having any fun?

DENNIS: Have I! . . . I've been to the Eltinge, and the Apollo, and the Gaiety, and the Republic. . . . *Wow!*

JACK: Why, Dennis, those are all burlesque shows.

DENNIS: Boy, I whistled myself silly!

JACK: Now, Dennis, I won't have this. I promised your mother I'd take care of you and see that you behaved yourself.

DENNIS: But I wanta get circles under my eyes like Phil Harris.

When Benny first began broadcasting he played his comedy fairly straight, in the accepted fashion, but shortly he began to grow a little cocky, kidding not only himself and his gang but the show, the script, and, to the initial horror of every one, the sponsor and the product. Ed Wynn had previously begun a practice of butting into the commercials on his show, saying, "Well, well," and "You don't say?" at every claim made by the announcer. Benny went further, writing comedy twists and whole gags to serve as the commercial.

One of the first concerns to buy his time manufactured a best-selling ginger ale, which the Benny program was supposed to plug. Benny told the audience a little story about a salesman of this product whose territory was the Sahara Desert. The fellow had been traveling across the Sahara for weeks and finally came upon a caravan which had been blown off its course many days before by a sandstorm and which was dying en masse of thirst. To each parched Arab the salesman gave a glass of his ginger ale—"And when he asked them what they thought of it," Benny concluded, "not one of them said it was a bad drink."

In deference to the public whose slave he necessarily is, Benny gives unrelaxing attention to the character of Rochester (real name: Eddie Anderson), his Negro valet, chauffeur, and houseman extraordinary, and incidentally the most popular of the Benny radio family. Rochester is always playing tricks on his employer, arguing with him, and making wisecracks, an attitude certain portions of the country would resent if it were not established that, after all, Rochester works his head off for Benny and Benny never pays him. A typical situation designed to remind listeners of this (and incidentally a prize Benny gag) had Rochester complaining about not getting his salary, and asking when he could have the eighty dollars Jack had just lost to him at casino.

JACK: Now, don't forget about that old blue suit I gave you last week. That was worth at least twenty dollars—and I'll only charge you sixty dollars for teaching you to play casino. So we're even; I don't owe you a thing.

ROCHESTER (*resignedly*): I knew that's how it would end up, but I was wondering just how you were going to figure it out.

Rochester's troubles are chiefly concerned, however, with two of the other constant characters: Carmichael, the polar bear some one sent Jack for a Christmas present, and Mr. Billingsly (played by Ed Beloin), a crazy but harmless old crackpot who lives at Benny's house. During each show Rochester telephones Jack at the broadcasting studio and makes his report on the activities of these guests, whom he hates but whom Benny tolerates. It is a Benny characteristic that he doesn't care if Mr. Billingsly is nuts, so long as he doesn't bother him and pays his board. Most recent of the Rochester-Carmichael situations revolved around the gasman, who, according to Rochester, went downcellar, where Carmichael lives, to read the meter and didn't come back up again. Rochester claimed Carmichael had eaten the gasman, with Benny saying that was ridiculous and that the fellow must have gone out through a window or left when Rochester was looking the other way. This situation lasted for weeks, but the best tag of the lot came at the end of a telephone conversation, when Benny was about to hang up:

ROCHESTER: Say, boss . . .

JACK: Yes?

ROCHESTER: The gasman's here.

JACK: *There,* now! You see? What did I tell you? Carmichael didn't eat him after all. What does he want?

ROCHESTER: He wants to know where's the other gasman?

Benny, after appearing on a radio program as a guest of Ed Sullivan, determined, in 1932, to take six months off from vaudeville and concentrate on radio. The show was not by any means an overnight triumph. Sponsors did not pursue him nor respond to his wooing until it was discovered that his slowly won audience was constantly growing in size and devotion and that Listening to Jack Benny was becoming a household institution.

With such nonsense, satirical and exaggerated as the Buck Benny Rides Again routines, in which Jack played a blustering but scared-to-death Western sheriff, his lengthy feud with Fred Allen, and sly gibes at all current news topics and popular personalities, the program grew in appeal until it had the highest Crossley rating on the networks. Then Paramount signed him, whereupon he fortunately turned out to be just as funny in the movies, which is not inevitable with radio comedians.

Forte of the Benny program is the running gag. Some are in the short-run classification, which means they wear out after a few weeks; others survive to become an integral part of the show, along with the established characters. All are accidental in origin, meant as one-program situations and retained because they naturally fit into the pattern or are too successful not to milk so long as the public

(*Continued on page 61*)

enny's Ten Best Gags

BY HOWARD SHARPE

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ CAPTAIN HARLAND SIMPSON of H.L.7, a new branch of the government intelligence service, is on the trail of what he believes to be a plot against the United States. He is suspicious of a Chinese, Nag Yat, who is in America under a false passport. Nag Yat's headquarters are at the Golden Peiping Cabaret on Sixth Avenue in New York.

The woman in the case seems to be Li Su-Chang, hat-check girl at the cabaret. Simpson, knowing that Nag Yat is to visit her flat, goes there himself and discovers that the Chinese girl, far from being in love with his suspect, is planning to murder him because, back in China, he was responsible for the tragic deaths of her parents.

Simpson persuades Li Su-Chang to work with him against Nag Yat and help expose his plot. He likes the girl and trusts her. They are talking together when the doorbell rings. Is it Nag Yat?

PART TWO—LI SU-CHANG ACTS A PART

☆ MAN and woman, white and yellow, they looked at each other.

"Go quickly!" urged Li Su-Chang.

"And leave you alone with"—slowly—"your hate? Can't do it."

"My hate is my own business!"

"Mine, too, when it spells killing. I'm one of Uncle Sam's hired hands. Nag Yat's needed by the United States, by China, democracy. He's needed alive, not dead. Promise me . . ."

"Very well." She stared at him. "I shall not harm him—tonight. Not"—she emphasized—"*tonight!*"

"And—after tonight . . . ?"

"There is a Chinese proverb that when an arrow is on the string it must go."

"And there's an American proverb

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

"You don't know what doing!" Li Su-Chang excla

about crossing a bridge when you get to it."

He went to the window and cautiously looked out. He gave a low grunt.

"Guards," he said, "at the doors and windows. I knew Nag Yat had bodyguards, but I thought tonight—"

"You thought," she cut in, smiling bitterly, "he might make an exception and leave them home—on assignation nights?"

"Right you are." Simpson paused. "Can't get away. Got to do the next best thing."

"What?"

"Watch—and don't be surprised."

He turned his back on her; turned

round again a short time later—and she stared in utter amazement. For this man who looked at her was not Harland Simpson. Harland Simpson's eyes were gray, while this man's—with the help of invisible rounded glasses slipped across the pupils—were brown. Harland Simpson's hair was black, while this man's—thanks to a sprayed and instantaneously working chemical dye which he had brought from Shanghai — was white. But greater than tricks of lenses and chemicals was his gift of impersonation. He was truly a marvelous actor; and Li Su-Chang choked back an exclamation—an exclamation almost of fear—as she saw an older man, a mean, dirty, vicious man—a man to strike horror to a woman's heart. . . .

Momentarily silence lay between them. It was shattered as, once more, the bell rang, more clamorous, insistent. A sort of challenge to the sound, thought Simpson.

He turned to Li Su-Chang, who stood there, leaning forward a little, taut with nervousness.

"What're you waiting for?" he demanded. He pointed at the electric button that controlled the street door. "Let him in."

She frowned. "Your disguise is good," she said solicitously, "but, even so, Nag Yat has a thousand eyes. Run to the top floor and wait there." She spoke feverishly. "When the coast is clear, you can . . ."

"I shall stay right here. Our caller is becoming impatient. Let him in!"

you. Not that I've time, right now, to tell you—exactly." He pressed the electric button. There was a click as the street door was being released. "You'll have to guess. And I hope to heaven you're sharp-witted and good at guessing. Things, you see, are going to pop."

☆ FEET mounted the creaking stairs, while Simpson hurried over to the front window and pushed it open slightly. On the pavement below he could see his assistant, Jim Macdonnell, stocky figure clearly outlined in the bright moonlight.

The detective whistled twice—a low dissonant sound, like the hoot of a horned owl. The other looked up. And at once, rapidly, Simpson's fingers began spelling out syllables, words, whole phrases in the code of the H.L.7 branch of the intelligence service.

Macdonnell's fingers flashed a reply. He walked off, vanished around the corner—and at the very moment there was a knock at the apartment door.

"What," whispered Li Su-Chang, "shall I do?"

"Scream your lungs out!" was Simpson's answering whisper.

She screamed immediately and very loudly.

Then suddenly her screams broke off. She was silent, wide-eyed, as she noticed what Simpson was doing; saw how, hands extended, he was coming toward her as if to throttle her. His appearance was frightening. A few

A man, a girl, a strange alliance in a novel of East and West—of love and hate

Blood of the Dragon

"You don't know what you're doing!" she exclaimed.

"Don't I?" He looked at her steadily. "I have your promise—tonight. We're allies, friends, aren't we?"

"Yes."

Her voice was firm, honest, and he inclined his head.

"Fine and dandy," he said. "Allies it is. Remember that for tonight, at least, I'm the senior partner of this particular axis. So you'll do as I tell

minutes earlier he had been a tall lean man, of a neatness that was slightly fastidious, and rather good-looking in his monkish ascetic way. Now, with different eyes and hair, with necktie awry, hat crushed at a rakish angle over his forehead, lips loose and sagging, an idiotic expression on his face, he gave an unvarnished, and decidedly unpleasant, picture of a drunken down-and-outer.

His sibilant "Scream! Don't stop!"

recalled her to her senses. Her accents peaked a cracked octave, and he winked at her.

"Damned clever, these Chinese!"

He breathed the words. And he staggered about the room, upsetting furniture, sending glasses and toilet articles crashing to the floor—all the sounds of a desperate struggle; and outside on the landing Nag Yat continued to knock at the door.

Smash! went another bottle of perfume, while Simpson wondered if Macdonnell had carried out the signaled instructions; felt relieved as he heard excited voices drift up from the street, where the latter was talking to a policeman—the same officer who had asked suspicious questions half an hour before.

"Get a move on!" Macdonnell was exclaiming. "It's the house across the road."

"Y'mean"—the policeman was astonished—"the house where you said your chief was?"

"The chief left a while back. Aw, for the love o' Mike, get goin', yer big mastodon! Why"—as Li Su-Chang's soprano hit the upper register—"listen to that dame yellin' bloody murder. . . ."

On the street people began to gather.

"Cripes, listen to her, willya!"

Not knowing that up there—in the yells for help, the silhouette of a man and a woman stark against the crimson glow in back of the window—was not the kind of drama for which they hoped, the kind which they relished in life and on the screen—a conflict between two people because of passion of hate or passion of lust. But a drama—or at least a scene in a drama, deliberately and shrewdly staged by Harland Simpson — that some day would mean an incredible chapter in the unwritten annals of the intelligence service, dealing with one of the most terrible dangers that had ever threatened the United States; an international conspiracy of which Simpson knew the existence—oh, yes!—but not the nature, nor the proof, nor the remedy.

Well, he thought, first he'd have to find the nature. And what he was doing now was part of his method of finding out.

☆ "GO on!" he urged. "Scream!" She did, while, down below, the mob gave meanly tongue: "Wot's the matter?"

"Some guy beatin' up a dame."

"I bet it's that Sam Berkowitz again."

And the crowd still pressing in, until finally the policeman exerted hickory-swinging authority.

"Get back there! Get back—everybody!"

Then the mob-tide rolling to the other side of the road. Standing there gaping. Commenting now in undertones:

"Say, that ain't the Berkowitz flat."

"It's that Chink goil's."

"Willya listen to her!"

And upstairs, a moment later, Macdonnell and the policeman stopping before Li Su-Chang's flat, the thunder-

ous tattoo of a night stick on the door, a raucous order:

"It's the law! Open up!"

There was a certain rule which Simpson himself had introduced into his own work in intelligence service: that things, to appear real, must be real—in all outer details. So he whispered to the girl:

"Fight me! Use your fingernails."

"Eh?" she stammered.

"Sorry," he said. "Has to be done."

He slapped her across the face, hard—with the desired result. For "Oh!" she cried. "You beast!" and her fingernails found his cheek, left a network of thin red furrows.

He slapped her again. Again she clawed him, again screamed, and, through her screams, Simpson heard a voice, "We gotta break in! All together, boys! You, too"—to Nag Yat—"Mister Squint-Eyes!"

They hurled their weight against the door. It caved in with a crash of splintering wood—just as Simpson was pushing Li Su-Chang against the bed, his mouth pressed on hers.

The three men tumbled across the threshold. Nag Yat was in the lead.

It was not the first time Simpson had seen him; and yet—with a fight in full blast, when he could see him only for the fraction of a second—he seemed to take him in more clearly and distinctly than before.

Nag Yat's face was difficult to describe. Not the physical characteristics—the massive jowl, the thin lips, the aquiline nose which was less Mongol than Tatar. But it would have taken the genius of a Michelangelo to shape the inner meaning of that face. The face—so Simpson said afterward—of a latter-day debased Roman emperor, a Nero or a Caligula, blended with the crushing unhuman calm of an Asiatic sage; and with an expression in the pinpoints of his purplish-black eyes like the unrepented sins of a lost and slaughtered soul.

Yet a certain beauty to it. A beauty that was evil—like that of a poisonous flower. . . .

The Antichrist! thought Simpson, who was a good Catholic.

Almost he crossed himself. But he pulled himself together when Macdonnell jumped forward, tore the girl away from him, and—for Macdonnell, too, observed the intelligence service rule that things, to appear real, must be real—started proceedings with a left hook to Simpson's jaw.

Simpson retaliated in kind. They slugged toe to toe. A jab closed Simpson's left eye. It hurt him; made him angry; his right connected solidly with Macdonnell's nose. He seized him about the chest with a bearlike grasp. They wrestled.

"Down with you!" whispered Simpson. "Let me fall on top. I want to tell you something."

"O. K., chief!"

They rolled on the ground, heaving, straining, and Simpson's puffed lips breathed rapid instructions into his subordinate's ear.

"That stuff we found this afternoon—slip me one."

Macdonnell blinked incredulously, then grunted again, "O. K., chief!" and his fingers moved rapidly, just as the policeman, who had thoroughly enjoyed watching the fight, decided it was time to take charge.

The night stick descended, stretching Simpson unconscious. When he came to, he found his wrists handcuffed, was jerked to his feet, dragged to the door with Macdonnell's enthusiastic help—and gave a rude Bronx cheer when he saw the latter's bloody face.

"Gave you something to remember me by—eh, punk?" he jeered.

"And the judge," said the policeman, prodding him in the back, "will give you something to remember *him* by." He turned to Li Su-Chang and Nag Yat. "Come along, both o' you. You'll be needed as witnesses."

☆ THERE was, presently, the bull pen—and through the half-open barrier Simpson got a glimpse of the night court. A sad, dank, grimy room fetid with the odors of decay and ammonia and unwashed bodies. Crowded with the unhappy ghosts of the past. Crowded, no less, with the living: a clerk of the court and a bailiff or two, a few weasel-faced gentlemen surreptitiously drumming up trade for surety-bond brokers, half a dozen reporters self-consciously hard-boiled, and a number of men and women, some in evening dress, come here to be morbidly thrilled by the spectacle of other people's degradation and, too, other people's embarrassment.

That little Chinese girl, for instance, next to the Chinese gentleman. She was here as a witness. A bailiff had passed word that somebody had tried to attack her.

"Who?"

"Over there—in the bull pen."

People stared. So did Nag Yat. Weakling—he thought—derelict. Maybe!

It was a favorite saying of Nag Yat: "I have often been betrayed but I have never been deceived!"

He was not deceived now. The hurried explanation of Li Su-Chang had not satisfied him. A strange man, begging at her door—and trying to kiss her. It could be true. It might be true. But Nag Yat had already called one of his bodyguards; had given strict instructions. Nag Yat would see to it that the prisoner went free. Then he would be watched night and day by relays of Nag Yat's private spies. If he turned out to be an espionage agent, he would not live long.

On the other hand, he might be just a derelict, thought Nag Yat.

He got up. "I'll be right back," he said to Li Su-Chang. "Glass of water. . . ."

He drank the water; wandered over to the bull pen. An officer stopped him—then reconsidered as five dollars changed hands.

He looked Simpson up and down with chilly cruel scrutiny. He smiled. A plan had formed in his brain—but another plan which, most curiously, ran parallel for a way with the other, had been shaping itself in the mind of the detective.

"All I need," Simpson said to himself, "is an opening."

He approached Nag Yat. "Say!" he hiccuped. "What's the idea? Come here to crow over me, you . . . ?" A flood of foul invective; then suddenly an inane alcoholic laugh. "Sorry, guy! No hard feelings! Here—have a smoke . . ."

He reached into his pocket, fished out a crumpled cigarette—the same which, while they wrestled on the floor, Macdonnell had slipped to him—and thrust it at Nag Yat.

The other waved it away. But Simpson insisted. "Just what the doctor ordered."

Finally the other took it and, momentarily, seemed bewildered as the little white tube, which was very dry, split halfway down its length, some of the tobacco spilling out.

He sniffed at it, dropped the cigarette on the floor, and ground it under his heel. "No, thanks," he said. "That is the stuff that kills the soul!"

His smile broadened. Perhaps he *was* just a weakling and a derelict. Anyway, it would not take long to find out.

Nag Yat returned to the courtroom, and shortly afterward a bailiff tapped Simpson on the shoulder.

"Let's go, buddy!" He added jovially: "You're in luck. Sloppy Joe's on the bench."

☆ SLOPPY JOE was the nickname conferred upon Joseph W. Gerson by Kirby Gilbert of the Bulletin because the judge was a sentimental soul, always willing to give the breaks to the underdog. He prided himself on his liberal principles, and could see no reason why he should not clothe these principles in the raiment of opulent rhetoric; no reason why he should not expect eventual tangible reward by being appointed to the Supreme bench; no reason, in consequence, why he should be adverse to favorable newspaper publicity.

Thus he cocked an eye—mildly brown and slightly wary—at two lolling reporters, as Simpson was brought before him. Once more he would show the world with what deep sympathy he handled transgressors; too, with what good-humored informality.

"It appears," he began, smiling at the defendant, "that you have looked upon the wine when it is red?"

The reply, punctuated by a resonant hiccup, was shatteringly forthright:

"That's a lie. It was gin—see?"

The crowd gasped, then tittered.

The judge turned to the policeman. What, he wanted to know, was defendant's name?

"Defendant insists," said the policeman rather apologetically, "that his name is Herbert Hoover."

There was another ripple of mirth.

Simpson took a step forward. He staggered a little.

"What's wrong with my name?" he inquired aggressively. "Is that Washington ex-big shot the only guy who has a right to it?"

Judge Gerson shrugged his shoulders. He was not going to press the point. After all, what did a name matter—in night court? On the other hand, defendant was getting all the spotlight. The which was bad for the judge's own publicity.

So he decided to rectify matters with the help of a little jesting.

"Not quite as valuable a member of society as your White House namesake, are you?" he demanded. "For he is on the side of law and order. He believes evildoers should be put in jail, while you—I shouldn't wonder"—he paused for effect—"are about to be *put* there."

The feeble jest fell flat, thanks to Simpson, who quickly saw the chance the remark offered—and grabbed it.

"Right!" he said. "Put me in jail! Because I've had a drop too much to drink. But would I be put in jail if I had drunk champagne instead of gin? I'm poor—and out of a job. That's my real crime. Out of a job," he repeated stridently, taking another staggering step forward, "and whose fault is it?"

A moment later Simpson launched forth on an impassioned oration with a drunkard's florid eloquence, while the judge again and again, pretending to be helpless, brought down his gavel and while the crowd in the courtroom behaved as if they were at a Broadway first night.

Sure—he declared—he was out of a job. Like millions of other Americans. And why? Because of democracy. Lousy democracy which was on its last legs.

A pause. Once more the futile gavel. And then—*fortissimo*—Simpson's announcement that he was agin democracy and for the new coming world order, for the Nazis and Fascists. They were the boys who had the right dope—see?

Oh, yes! An impassioned oration that would have been more effective had it not been for the speaker's frequent hiccups. And the crowd was delighted at the scene, which Kirby Gilbert of the Bulletin reported the next day in gleesome detail, though he did not mention—maybe did not notice—what Harland Simpson saw: namely, how Nag Yat leaned forward and listened with interest, a new gleam in his black eyes.

☆ AT last order was restored. Judge Gerson looked up. He had been doing some rapid thinking. Of course he could have made it contempt of court and handed defendant a stiff sentence. But there was his reputation as a liberal. He must uphold it. Therefore—with a glance at the reporters, hoping they would give him full printed credit—he inclined his head.

"My friend," he said to Simpson, "I admit that times are hard, that there is a great deal of unemployment and misery. Even so-o"—rolling the phrases over his tongue as he would a sweet—"you must not bow the knee before false gods—ah"—*crescendo*—"totalitarian gods! For democracy is still the finest, fairest flower that ever . . ."

"Aw"—came Simpson's coarse interruption, accompanied by a tremendous gulp—"baloney!"

There was then laughter in court, followed immediately by a shocked silence. Fun was fun. But—sure—this drunken bum was going a little too far. . . .

The silence was broken by the thud of the judge's gavel. He was through, where this defendant was concerned, with sweetness and light.

"Fifty dollars' fine," he announced, "or ten days in the workhouse! Next case. . . ."

Simpson stepped forward. Quickly his manner changed from a drunkard's insolence to a drunkard's maudlin self-abasement.

"Give me a chance!" he cried.

He was, he declared, poor, unemployed, homeless. Some guy had blown him to a couple of shots of hooch—on an empty stomach, see?—and two days since he had eaten, and the liquor had gone to his head. He had staggered along the street. Had got, somehow, in that house up in the Bronx, and the girl's flat. And then she had screamed—and he had become frightened—had put a hand over her mouth . . .

He turned to Li Su-Chang, where she was sitting on the front bench between Macdonnell and Nag Yat:

"Listen, lady," with a sob in his voice. "Won't you forgive me?"

Again he addressed the judge:

"I haven't a cent, your Honor, so how can I pay the fine? And jail—oh, the disgrace! I'm of decent American stock . . ."

"And yet," the judge observed sternly, "the things you said about America—democracy . . ."

"I was just letting off steam. Hungry, you see, poor, and . . ." Simpson paused. "All I want is a chance. A job. Any job at all!"

He pressed a knuckle against his eyes. A bailiff coughed. A woman sniffled and blew her nose. Even the press contingent felt less professionally hard-boiled. Decidedly, sympathy was with Simpson; and the judge was on the point of reversing the sentence when Nag Yat rose.

"Pardon me, your Honor," he said in excellent, faintly accented English, "if I'm not conversant with the correct procedure. I am," apologetically, "a foreigner. But would it be permissible for me to pay the defendant's fine? Not only that: I am willing to give him a job."

"Gee!" exclaimed Simpson. "You're white!"

There was applause—and Judge Gerson was annoyed. After all, he had been about to reconsider the sentence, to dismiss Simpson with an eloquent reprimand and, by the same token, make a grandstand play that would have been mighty good reading in the morning papers. And now—to have his thunder stolen . . .

"May I inquire," he demanded, "who you are?"

The other bowed courteously. "My—ah—credentials. . . ."

☆ HE put some papers on the desk, and Judge Gerson read them, then looked up.

"Oh," he said, "prominent Korean business man, highly recommended—"

"Most unworthily recommended."

"You are too modest, my friend." The judge was no longer annoyed. Here was an opportunity to mend his publicity fences. So, badly paraphrasing Kipling, he went on: "Ah—there is neither east nor west when it comes to the eternal principles of generosity, mercy, and compassion!"

He inquired of Li Su-Chang did she wish this man punished? No! She was emphatic. Very well, then! There would be, the judge announced, no punishment. He dismissed defendant in Nag Yat's care, admonishing him to prove his gratitude to his benefactor by loyalty and hard work.

A minute later they were on the street, but in pairs—Simpson and Macdonnell, Nag Yat and Li Su-Chang.

"Sorry," Simpson said to Macdonnell, "about that poke in the nose I gave you."

"Say!" Macdonnell stuck out his prognathic jaw. "Take a squint in the mirror at your own nose and see how you like it, you lousy bum!"

(*Continued on page 51*)

That dynamo! Civilian Defense Director and Mayor LaGuardia and his daily round—as they look to Armando.

If Our Coast Cities are *Bombed..*

BY FIORELLO H. LAGUARDIA

U. S. Director of Civilian Defense and Mayor of New York

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Sudden attacks are likely, says our chief of civilian defense! We cannot afford to be unprepared for them

☆ THE shadow of the Nazi boot has lengthened considerably since President Roosevelt declared a state of national emergency. We have witnessed recently the sinking of an American ship by Axis raiders off the coast of Brazil, within waters declared by President Roosevelt to be within the American defense area.

As these lines are written other American ships doubtless will have been subject to the terrorism of Nazi sea warfare.

Months ago I said there was a 96-per-cent chance that our program of civilian defense might never have to be put to the test of practical application. That was months ago! I am not prepared to say now whether I should revise my figures. But this fact remains: Whether we ever actually have to utilize the mechanisms now in the process of organization, we simply cannot afford to take that hazardous chance of neglecting any or all precautions against this threat to the American way of life.

And it is because the responsibility for what could happen devolves upon every one of us—in whatever walk of life—that I address my fellow Americans with the admonition that whatever happens depends upon each and every one of us.

Skeptics will say, "What's all the excitement about? There's no danger of war; and if we do go to war, there are several thousand miles of ocean protecting us. Why all the excitement?"

The answer to that is that distance is no longer a protection. If it is possible to fly a plane made in this country from Halifax and deliver it in England, it is also possible for a plane to fly in this direction.

Let me preface my observations by pointing out that, while our foreign policy is formulated by other departments of the government, this should not preclude our individual recognition of the realities. Let us concede that unless the British fleet is destroyed, unless our navy should be crippled, and unless we lose the bases we acquired from Great Britain upon which we rely for offshore protection, there will be no danger of long, sustained, repeated air attacks such as England has experienced.

The communications system must be intact at all times. This photo of a field radio man phoning comes from Division of Information, Office of Emergency Management.

On the other hand, should we enter into a state of war, and granted the continuance and effective action of the British fleet and our own—and of the efficacy of our offshore bases—there is not only a possibility but a strong likelihood of short, sudden surprise attacks, particularly on our coastal cities and on our industrial centers.

The psychological reasons back of such attacks are obvious. The damage to life would not be great, although we should recognize that we should have considerable loss of life in our metropolitan communities. But, knowing the German mind, we must recognize the motive behind such attacks, *viz.:* creating terror—*Schrecklichkeit.*

From the standpoint of military value to an enemy, the effect would be to create in the minds of the American people the demand for air-raid shelters, for more antiaircraft guns, and especially in the seaboard cities there would arise the demand that the air force protect them. The effect of all this would be to divert our industries from the orderly planned production of offensive and defensive war materials.

This would hamper and delay the progress of our military and naval plans, as well as confuse the orderly prosecution of the war. I submit as evidence the experience of the occupied European countries since the advent of aerial warfare.

It is because of what might happen

under such circumstances that I now address my fellow citizens to ask certain fundamental questions. These might be put this way:

If these things should happen, what should I do?

If Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Savannah, or 'Frisco were subject to such bombings, what should the individual citizen do?

Before giving the answer, let me review the experience of the occupied countries—of Holland, of Belgium, of Denmark.

These were highly civilized countries with orderly processes of democratic governments. Their people sought no conquest and, being without guile themselves, they suspected no one. The false sense of security they enjoyed should be—indeed it has been—a warning to us. We will not be taken by surprise as they were. But it is the technique of confusion of which I wish to speak which rendered these countries impotent against the invader. It is the technique of agitation, of creating disorder in the ranks of the civil population. It is popularly described as the "fifth column." Its purpose is to impair the morale of the civil population by having leaders trained to create panic.

In Belgium, for example, it was so skillfully used and so adroitly timed as to preclude the possibility of the rescuing French army from using the highways. Nazi planes bombarded Belgian cities, towns, and villages, and at a given signal trained men went out into the streets shouting, loading furniture and goods into wagons, carts, and automobiles, and started for the highways. Everybody followed. For miles throughout Belgium highways and roads were jammed. It took days to get the highways clear and to force these people back to their homes.

Those of us who live in congested areas recognize how easy it would be to create such a panic. It is precisely to avert such a possibility that hundreds of thousands of volunteers have been undergoing training under the program of the Office of Civilian Defense for the past several months.

Working unostentatiously under the guidance of their police and fire officials, these thousands of patriotic, plain Americans have been undergoing training as air-raid wardens, auxiliary police, auxiliary firemen, as members of bomb squads, of rescue squads, as fire watchers, as members of demolition and clearance crews, of road-repair crews, of the decontamination corps, of the drivers' corps, the medical corps, the nurses' aide corps, the emergency food and housing corps, and the scores of other services now being recruited.

There is no glamour in any of this. It is a grim business. There are no parades—no martial music—no brass bands. But in hundreds of cities along both seaboards and in our Gulf ports these loyal, undemonstrative, serious-minded citizens quietly have gone about their business of perfecting the technique of protecting themselves. That is civilian defense as it is contemplated in a free America.

Traditionally, we are not a disciplined people. That is one of our vanities and, by the same token, it is one which we as a people must learn to subjugate.

QUESTIONS 20

Gregory Pinquetea missed five. They were Nos. 2, 12, 13, 17, and 19. Count double if you get the ones he missed. Of No. 8 he said: "Yes, yes. I'm learning to fly one myself."

1—Her maiden name was Mary Ann Evans, and she became Mrs. Cross. By what name was she known to the public?

2—The President, though head of the army and navy, is by tradition prevented from doing what in connection with our armed forces, although the newest rookie is permitted to do it?

3—The last words spoken on the stage by America's great actor, Edwin Booth, were: "The rest is silence." What character was he portraying?

4—The first successful American steamboat was designed by Robert Fulton. What was its name?

5—What is meant by a "hallmark"?

6—What is considered to be the first constitution drawn up in America "by and for the people"?

7—All of us have read or heard of the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Of whom was it a statue?

8—What are "grasshopper" planes?

9—The phrase "get the sack" comes from what bygone custom?

10—Can you name three characters of fiction who have the word "Little" before their given names?

11—What material, sold usually in sheets only 1/200,000 of an inch thick, is rated among the most valuable materials obtainable?

12—San Juan, Charlotte Amalie, and Agaña are the capitals of which American possessions?

13—What animal was once called a camelopard because it resembles in certain ways both a camel and a leopard?

14—A batter stepped to the plate, swung at one pitch, missed, and was called out by the umpire. How did this happen?

15—Did Florida get its name because so many flowers grow there?

16—Were Lincoln and Douglas trying, in their famous debates, to win popular votes in their campaign for the Senate? If not, what were they debating for?

17—Next to auto accidents, what type of accident causes the most deaths in the United States?

18—How many men have held the office of Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court?

19—Do the words "hocus-pocus," used by magicians, have any real meaning?

20—Who was the first member of the British royal family to fly the Atlantic by bomber?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

We want to go where we want to go and to do what we want to do. But in the face of an emergency such as conceivably could arise, that just cannot be. We must learn to do as we are told, to go where we are told.

If an attack were to come in any of our metropolitan cities in the daytime, it is the judgment of those who have studied the situation most intensively that a skyscraper is as good a shelter as can be found. The topmost floors might be hazardous, but, ten floors below, the occupants of such a building would be safe. If necessary, it might save their lives to lock them in the building.

Again people must learn that, should these things happen, they should keep off the streets. Their own homes are the safest places and the streets must be kept absolutely clear to permit the passage of fire, police, and repair equipment.

Motorists must learn that the minute an alarm is given, they must abandon their cars, get off the streets, and as far as possible seek shelter.

Every city block must have its air-raid wardens. The air-raid wardens must live in the block; they must know the people in their block; they must be trained to give warning, to see that the streets are clear, that all windows are black, and—whatever happens—they must remain at their stations.

There is a job for every one to do. Boys and girls from fifteen to twenty-one years old with bicycles can serve their community and their country as messengers. Girls in offices and young married women can take first-aid training as nurses' aides under the program of the American Red Cross; older housewives can serve in the Emergency Food and Housing Corps in the event it becomes necessary to evacuate school children in the metropolitan areas.

The scoffers will say this is alarmist talk. The scoffers said that in France; they said it in the other occupied countries; they said it in England. We who are charged with the responsibility of formulating a program for the protection of the lives and the property of our people will not listen to such talk. Nor will the hundreds of thousands of patriotic Americans who have enrolled for such services heed these prophets of false security.

No one more than myself hopes that it never will become necessary to put into effect any of these emergency measures.

But this is no time to indulge in the illusions of hope. We must be realistic in a world in which all values have changed.

The chivalry of war in other years has gone into the discard. There is no longer a front-line trench; it has been moved to the front porch, and women and children, the aged and the infirm today face as great hazards as do soldiers in uniform.

The barbarism of medieval days is rampant again. It must be destroyed.

And if none of these things comes to pass in our land, of one thing I am certain: Out of all of this there is emerging among us a new sense of unity as a nation. That is a net gain, because in the years to come, when Hitler and Nazism will be but a horrible memory, we as a people will have become united.

THE END

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

The Doctor came at Five

☆ THE man Mako admitted to Dr. Harrington's apartment was tall and heavily built. His cheeks showed a peculiar pallor; lids drooped lazily over eyes which seemed to be constantly touched with some cold and sardonic amusement.

"The doctor is not in," Mako explained in his precise mission-school English.

"I'll wait," the visitor told him. "I'm an old friend of Harrington. Suppose you show me around the place.

Mako hesitated, yet there was something about the stranger's slow, careful glances—and the way he kept his right hand thrust deep in his coat pocket—that impelled Mako to say, "I shall be pleased."

Room by room they inspected the apartment, Mako's face a bland inscrutable mask against the fears welling up within him, fears which increased with the realization that the stranger was merely being certain that he and Mako were alone.

The tour completed, the big man sat down at Dr. Harrington's desk.

"You will excuse me now?" Mako suggested.

The man smiled. "Perhaps it would be better if you stayed and entertained me. Tell me about yourself: where you came from and how long you've been in this country. You're a Malay, aren't you?"

Mako stood still and very erect. He was a small man, not over five and a half feet tall, of indeterminable age. His snow-white hair was clipped short and stood straight up. His skin was as smooth and dark as the pommel leather of an old saddle. His eyes slanted at the corners and were completely devoid of expression. His dark trousers and white jacket were immaculate and severely pressed.

"I am a native of Borneo," he said. "I was Dr. Harrington's servant while he lived in Kuching. I came to America with him ten years ago."

The stranger glanced about the room. "It's easy to see that Harrington once lived in the wilds. Tell me about those things on the wall—it will help to kill the time."

Mako lifted his shoulders in a small shrug. "The mounted head is a water buffalo; the bright feathers came from a bird which once sang along the Kota Waringin. This is a Malay creese—"

"Stand back a little," the stranger interposed. "You can point out the weapons without handling them."

Mako obediently moved away from the wall.

"Just beyond the creese," he continued, "is a spear used by the hunters of Sarawak; the small drum and the gourd banjo were designed by the sea Dyaks. The long reed"—he paused, looking at the reed, seeing its slender length and that a piece of split bamboo, curved into a small perfect hook, was attached to one end, "is a kind of flute or fife—"

The telephone rang shrilly. Mako moved toward it; said, "Excuse me."

The stranger quit smiling. "No, let it ring. We're not answering telephones this afternoon."

Mako said, "I do not understand."

The big man lifted an automatic pistol from his coat pocket. "Perhaps this will explain things."

Mako regarded the weapon stoically. "Yes," he agreed.

The telephone rang again and the man reached out and tore loose one of the wires. After that, he sat just as he was and Mako stared at him with still, opaque eyes.

Presently the stranger said, "You know who I am—you've finally figured it out?"

Mako nodded. "You are Edward Simpson. You poisoned your brother some years ago to get his insurance. I remember seeing your picture in the papers."

"Yes, I poisoned him and would have got away with it except for this meddling Dr. Harrington's testimony." Simpson's voice lowered to a soft purr: "Five years I've been in the Big House, thinking about that. Now I'm out and I'm going to see Harrington again—just as I promised."

There was a moment of silence. Simpson toyed with the pistol, put it down on the corner of the desk. Mako shot a surreptitious glance at the clock: five minutes until five. Dr. Harrington was the soul of punctuality; he was due in five minutes. Perspiration shone across Mako's brow.

He said hesitantly, "I could play something for you on the banjo or the flute."

Simpson smiled again. "Go ahead"—he touched the pistol significantly—"but keep away from that spear and wavy-edged sword."

"I shall not touch the weapons," Mako assured him.

He took down the long slender reed and walked closer, the end to which the hook was fastened pointed toward the desk.

Simpson chuckled. "Very clever. That hook would just fit into the trigger guard of a pistol and snatch it right into your hands." He picked up the gun. "Very clever, little man, but not clever enough."

"But you are mistaken," Mako said. "I thought of no such thing."

"All right," Simpson agreed, "we'll just pretend that you didn't. Now play your tune, and back up a few steps."

Mako moved out to the center of the room and raised the reed to his lips.

Outside, an elevator whined, stopped. Footsteps crossed the corridor; there were sounds of a key in the lock of the outer door.

Simpson's smile faded. All the sleepiness went out of his features and the sardonic light in his eyes flared up to a hot greediness. He pushed down the safety on the automatic.

"Wait," he told Mako, that one word a short, harsh sound against the sudden stillness.

Dr. Harrington opened the door and stepped inside the room.

Simpson stood up. One moment he was like that, then his body jerked stiffly erect. He took two steps around the desk, staggered, and went crashing down to the floor.

Dr. Harrington recoiled against the door, his eyes wide with amazement.

"Ed Simpson!" he exclaimed. "The police warned me an hour ago of his escape from prison." The doctor stared at the pith butt of a ten-inch dart protruding from Simpson's temple. "He's—he's—"

"Yes," Mako said, cool and unperturbed. "He is dead—because he did not know the difference between a native flute and a Dyak blowgun."

THE END

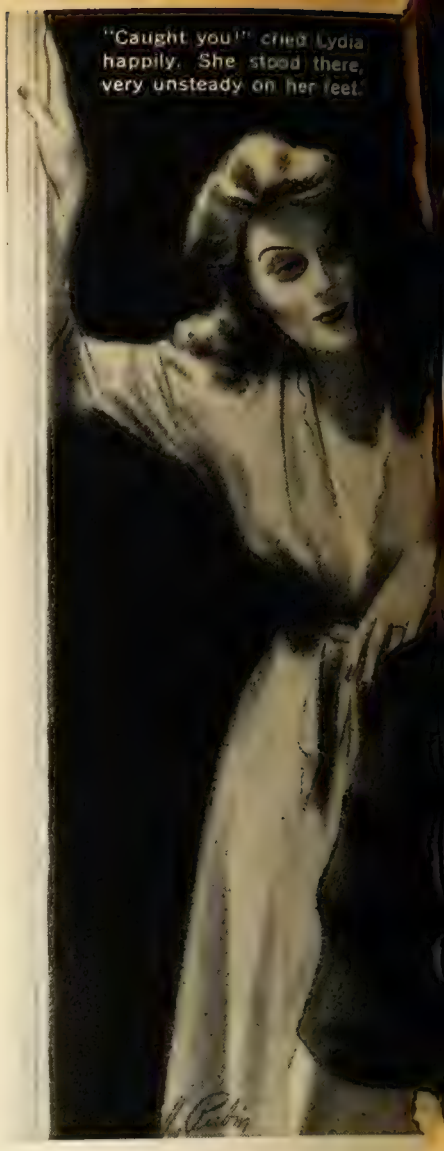
Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

BY WILLIAM BENTON JOHNSTON

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Breath of Life

BY FAITH BALDWIN



☆ LYDIA ALLEN, spoiled, cold, selfish, marries Dr. Theron Lewis, who takes over her father's obstetrical practice when Dr. Allen develops heart trouble. Lydia refuses to have children and will not adapt herself to her husband's mode of life, so, by the time they have been married four years, they have more or less drifted apart, although they still live under the same roof.

Lydia is having a flirtation with Timothy Wilson, brother of her friend, Amabell Jarvis. Ron is immersed in his work.

Jenny Barton, a supervisor of nurses and an old friend of Ron's family, is in love with Ron and Lydia knows it. Perversely, she invites Jenny to spend her vacation at Dr. Allen's Southampton house. Ron and Jenny, delayed by an emergency case, arrive twenty-four hours late, and Lydia, furious, hints that they have had a rendezvous.

"I've been a fool for a long time," she tells Ron. "I thought she was too—damned pure, and you too stupid."

PART SEVEN—THE NIGHT GIVES UP A SECRET

☆ RON'S anger left him suddenly. In its place he experienced a sensation of excessive fatigue, a deep sodden weariness, an ache of misery.

He took Lydia's reluctant hands and held them. It was a warm night, but her hands were cool in his own—cool and too thin. He looked at her with searching intimacy, yet not in any one of the innumerable ways in which a man regards his wife; a look stripped of desire or hot hostility, impatience or tolerance, tenderness or appeal.

"Stop looking at me like that," she said, trying to free herself. "I'm not a patient!"

He held her hands firmly, his impersonal physician's eyes holding her own. "What is the matter with you, Lydia?" he asked quietly.

Lydia's mouth shook, the tears ran swiftly down her abruptly altered face. Ron released her hands and put his arms about her. She said, sobbing, her face against his shoulder, "I'm sorry, Ron . . ."

She was too thin. He could feel her little bones, like a bird's. Her hands had been cold, but her face was hot and drenched. She shook in his arms and he could feel her tension, taut as a wire, as if she were strung on it.

He held her, not speaking, for a while. Presently he said, "You're tired—and something's troubling you. I—"

Lydia broke in. She had recovered her control but her voice was uneven and roughened.

"You're going to prescribe," she accused him, "rest, fewer cigarettes—cut out the parties."

"Not bad," he said, "if you'd do it."

She lifted her head from his shoulder. Her face was quite composed. She shook her head and drew away.

"Too dull, darling," she said.

He asked, "Lydia, if I can manage, will you go north with me in the autumn?"

"Of course. But you won't manage; you never do. I'm late," she said. "The others will be here soon. I must dress. You too, Ron."

"What others?"

She turned and walked toward the French doors, and Ron followed, his hand on her shoulder.

"Just Tim and Amabell," she said carelessly, "and Harvey Reid—"

"Who?" asked Ron.

"Darling," said Lydia, "don't be so idiotic. I told you about him. The motion-picture actor—the new one who's so much the rage. He's visiting Amabell."

"Good heavens," said Ron.

"He's attractive—he'll amuse Jenny. Amabell's mad about him."

He caught her arm, swung her around.

"We haven't finished our conversation. . . . Lydia, don't you feel you owe Jenny an apology?"

She said, irritated, "I told you I'm sorry." Her face changed. She reached up to kiss him lightly. She said, "You *do* look tired."

He released her and followed her upstairs. Lydia made few admissions. Her broken "I'm sorry, Ron," a few minutes ago was one of them, this brief caress another.

Jenny, a little later, was standing by her window looking out over lawn, marsh grass, and sand to the darkening sea. Her thoughts were in utter confusion, seemingly unrelated. She had immersed her fatigue in a steaming bath, she had put on a simple becoming dinner frock.

She thought, I shouldn't have come. What am I doing here? I must have been insane!

She turned from the windows and went to the dressing table and, in the fading light, looked earnestly at her reflection. It was very familiar to her; she knew its good points and its bad. Her eyes were nice, she thought, and her skin. My hair's right. I don't like my nose.

Ward Aylmer had said, "The first time I laid eyes on you I thought, That's the loveliest girl I've ever seen."

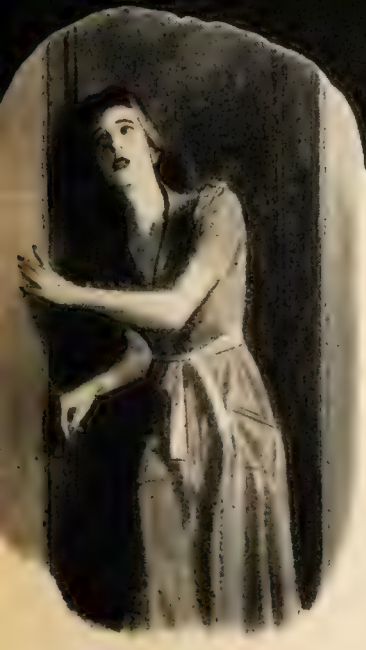
She could see herself through Ward's eyes.

She thought, I don't want to marry Ward. I want to go on working. I feel alive when I'm working, and almost important. I didn't need a vacation; I'm not tired, she told herself—and yawned suddenly, half closing her eyes—just sleepy.

When she wasn't working she felt insecure—at least, here in Lydia's house. Funny, how she thought of it as Lydia's house. Well, it was, wasn't it? It wasn't Ron's; it had nothing to do with him.

Some one knocked, and she called, "Come in," and Lydia opened the door and smiled at her.

Lydia said, "I'm sorry I was so cross when you and Ron arrived. I've had a crashing headache all day. It's better now," she added hastily. "I'm all right. But it's been hot here for days on end, and too many parties. Speaking of parties, Amabell Jarvis—you haven't met her, have you? but



"Dragonflies don't have horns," she said . . Why was Ron Lewis enraged?

you've met Timothy, her brother—Amabell has Harvey Reid visiting her. They'll be here any minute."

"The motion-picture actor?"

"Thank heaven you know; Ron didn't. Ron," commented Lydia, "doesn't know anything. When I drag him to the movies, he sleeps through everything but the newsreel or a Donald Duck." She laughed. "Let's go down, if you're ready," she suggested. "And—it's all right, isn't it?"

"About what?"

"This afternoon. I didn't mean anything. I'm a heel," she said. "I never say the things I mean, only the ones I don't."

"I don't remember that you said anything," Jenny told her.

"Good," said Lydia. She added as they walked down the hall together, "I could smack you, angel."

"Why?"

"For not smacking me."

Ron, standing at the foot of the stairs, saw them come down, arm in arm. Lydia's face was bright with triumph, Jenny's serene and unrevealing.

His guests arrived at that moment, and he went out to meet them. His father-in-law was not coming down to dinner; he had not been well for the past week. Ron had been talking to him, sitting beside him in the big room while he ate his simple dinner from a tray, looking over the pages of completed manuscript. Mrs. Petersen had gone home for a short stay, and Dr. Allen was living his even, restricted life. He had asked to see Jenny when the opportunity afforded —"Perhaps she'd come up for a moment after dinner, if it isn't too late?" —and had remarked, abruptly, that the more he saw of Lydia's friends the less he liked them. "Who is this new one," he had inquired with unusual querulousness, "the one who curls his hair?"

Yes, definitely, Mr. Reid had had a very fine permanent. He was a tall, slender young man with blue eyes and dimples. His manners were too impeccable. Jenny, observing him at the table, between Lydia and Amabell, was greatly amused. His accent was pure B. B. C. and his conversation mostly shop. He complained lightly of the terrific pressure of his work, slandered the feminine star whose leading man he had been in her last picture, offered three items of libelous gossip, and informed his audience that his latest director drove him *mad*.

Timothy Wilson said happily, in Jenny's ear, "He's doing a horse opera next. That should be a masterpiece of bull throwing—or, like all women, are you enraptured?"

She said, "It takes a good deal to enrapture me, Mr. Wilson."

Timothy raised his voice. He said, "Harvey, old man, here's one girl who hasn't succumbed to your inexpressible charm."

"Not really!" said Mr. Reid with animation, and looked at Jenny with growing interest. "Something must be done about that."

Amabell suggested a stroll on the sands after dinner.

She was in very good spirits tonight, Ron thought, watching her exchange glances with Reid. Well, she won't bother me any more. He felt definitely relieved, although his natural masculine pride suffered a slight blow. He was also somewhat revolted.

Amabell was forty-odd and Reid was possibly twenty-six. He spoke to Amabell as Reid turned to Lydia. He said, "So you no longer need medical advice."

"If that's an opening gambit," replied Amabell, undisturbed, "it comes too late."

"Interested," he pursued, "in the art of cinema?"

"Terribly," she admitted, smiling.

He said brutally, "You should constitute a liberal education, Amabell, and—"

She broke in, looking at him with her long, wicked eyes.

"If you mention vicarious youth," she said, "I will scream. Timothy's been rather vocal on the subject. I'm having fun," she added, "and I'm hurting no one."

"That's right," he agreed thoughtfully. "I dare say he's invulnerable, except where his vanity is concerned. But how about yourself?"

She murmured, "I don't get hurt any more. Life's terribly short, my dear. That's a cliché, I suppose, but true like most of them. Or hadn't you noticed?"

He said, "I suppose you'll go to Hollywood in the autumn?"

"It's said to be a curious place," she answered thoughtfully. "I'm anxious to see it." She laughed. "Have you ever seen me look better?" she asked.

"No," he said truthfully, "I haven't."

"Then," she told him, "*à chaque saint sa chandelle!*"

"My schoolboy French," he informed her, "is rusty, but I follow you. Would you refer to Mr. Reid as a saint?"

"That," she said serenely, "is a literal translation. Let it go at, Honor to whom honor is due. . . . Lydia's looking rather too thin, don't you think?"

"She's always too thin," he said shortly.

She asked carelessly, "Did you like the dragonfly gadget Timothy gave her? I think it's quite charming."

Ron was conscious of an immense rising anger, but said equably, "It's a lovely piece of workmanship."

She said, "Timothy has good taste. Do you know what their bet was about? He wouldn't tell me."

"I didn't inquire," said Ron.

"A perfect husband," said Amabell, and added, "Dragonflies don't have horns."

Ron was silent. It was impossible to speak. Relax, he told himself. Don't be a fool. She's getting even—or trying to—that's all.

Jenny put out her hand to take a cigarette from the crystal swan near her and Mr. Reid's efficient platinum lighter was already flaming. You thought, cigarette, and there was the light. A wonderful specimen, Mr. Reid.

☆ HE said, "You'd photograph very well."

"I doubt it," Jenny answered, "as on the few occasions I've faced the camera I look rather like Dracula's daughter."

" I mean it," he said. "You have good features, and the right kind—and you're just tall enough. Of course," he added thoughtfully, "you'd have to take off ten pounds."

She said indignantly, "I'm five five and I weigh a hundred and eighteen."

"Your figure," reported Mr. Reid, smiling at her, all dimples and remarkable teeth, "is perfect, except before a camera, which adds poundage. I thought all girls wanted to be in pictures."

"I don't."

"Wouldn't the excitement attract you, and the attention? I don't suppose the money would matter," he added. A simple frock, but then he knew, by now, that the simplest things often cost a great deal of money. No jewels. But often when you had a great many it was smart to wear none. She wasn't, of course, very young—that is, for pictures. He wondered who she was and why she hadn't married. Or perhaps she was divorced.

Jenny said, laughing, "I'm already employed, thank you, Mr. Reid."

He said, surprised, "Really? What do you do?"

"I'm a trained nurse," Jenny answered, "with a job at Lister Memorial in New York."

"Good heavens!" He regarded her with astonishment. He said, "I suppose all your patients fall in love with you."

"At the moment I'm not a ministering angel at the bedsides of susceptible gentlemen. My job's quite different." She was enjoying this, and enjoying, too, Amabell's aroused attention. "You wouldn't know about it," she murmured; "it's quite specialized."

He asked, "I say, did you see me in Physician Heal Thyself?"

"I did."

"What did you think of it? Come, give me an expert opinion."

She said, laughing, "Mr. Reid, please don't ask me to tell you what I think of most of the pictures which deal with the medical and nursing professions."

"But I can take it," he insisted. "I had a very good press," he added.

"You look wonderful in white," said Jenny calmly.

☆ LYDIA pushed her coffeecup aside and rose. "Contract," she suggested, "if any one craves it."

Amabell shook her head. "It's too hot. Let's sit out on the terrace and talk about our friends and each other," she said.

"Fancy," Reid said to Amabell. "Miss Barton saw Physician Heal Thyself and thought it was tripe."

"I didn't say so," Jenny contradicted.

"But that's what you meant."

"It *was* tripe," said Amabell soothingly. "Don't be upset, lamb. I adored it."

She was in love with him, according to her lights. It wouldn't last, but it was fun. He was stupid and vain. He possessed a certain animal cunning, and had listened to the best gag men. But he was young and quite beautiful.

"Possibly," said Timothy Wilson, stretching out in a long chair beside Lydia, on the terrace, "Miss Barton doesn't like the movies."

"But I do," said Jenny. "I'm crazy about them."

"About whom?" asked Amabell. She patted Reid's hand. "Don't be annoyed," she continued, "if your name doesn't lead all the rest."

"Disney," said Jenny, and Reid snorted. She added, "Garbo, because I love looking at her; Bette Davis because she's a wonderful actress; Thomas Mitchell, Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper."

"None," asked Timothy, "of the glamour guys? Hard on you, Harvey, but nice for rough-hewn, strong and silent guys like myself and Dr. Lewis."

"I'd forgotten he was a doctor," said Reid—if he had ever known it. Lydia was charming. Not his type, but charming. He'd asked, "Who is she—is she divorced?" A natural question, it seemed to him, and some one had said, "Oh, no; she has a husband—not that they work at being married."

The tall candles in the hurricane shades flickered over the terrace, and Reid regarded his host with interest, looking from him to Jenny. An old plot, well worn, well regarded. Society doctor and his pretty social wife, society doctor and his pretty nurse. He could even hear the dialogue and hear the director shouting, "Cut!"

☆ SOMETIME after midnight Ron knocked on Lydia's door. It had been an oddly fatiguing evening—or else he was more tired than usual. They had sat out on the terrace, they had had highballs, they had talked. Lydia, unable to sit still very long, had gone into the living room and put a pile of records on the turntable of the phonograph, and they had danced on the terrace. Harvey Reid had danced with Jenny first of all. She danced very well, he observed, feeling amiable, a little tight, and royally gracious. Give the poor girl a real boot. Let her go back to her horribly antiseptic hospital and tell all the other girls that she had floated, to the music of Guy Lombardo, in the coveted Reid arms. For of course she hadn't meant a word of it. She was covering up. It was a way to attract his attention—it had been done before. Indifference: an act.

"What do you do evenings?" he had inquired.

"Sleep."

He said, "You're very attractive, you know—"

"Of course." She added, "This isn't a close-up, Mr. Reid," and his arm relaxed slightly. If this were an act, she was too good. He thought, but of course she's in love with Lewis.

He danced next with Amabell, who appreciated close-ups.

Now they had gone. "Tennis tomorrow, swimming, cocktails, with me," said Amabell. "Don't fail. You riding with Timothy in the morning, Lydia?"

Ron, in Lydia's room, watched her fussing about, picking up things on the dressing table, setting them back again. He said, "So Wilson gave you that dragonfly thing you were wearing this afternoon."

If she were startled, she did not show it.

"Of course; I told you," she said, but her breath tightened in her throat. Who had told him? Never Timothy! Amabell, then? But why? Amabell had always been on her side.

"You didn't tell me, Lydia."

"I tell you a lot of things. You never listen. What does it matter, anyway?"

"I'm a reactionary," he told her; "I don't like my wife to accept jewelry from other men."

"It was a gag," she said. "It doesn't mean anything. Don't be silly, Ron."

"What was your bet?"

"Bet?" she asked. "What bet?"

He said heavily, "Amabell said it was a bet—"

"Oh, that. Yes, of course. The tennis matches," she answered. "I said I'd bet him a riding crop against—"

He said, "Oh, don't bother to lie, Lydia. It wasn't a bet."

"O. K.," she said, "so it wasn't a bet. So what?"

He stood by the dressing table looking down at the glittering array of jars and bottles.

He asked, "Are you in love with him?"

"Don't be idiotic!" she said sharply. He thought, She isn't. I know when she's telling me the truth.

"All right," he said; "but now you have even less excuse."

She said, "Ron—please. It doesn't mean a thing. He—likes me, I suppose. Perhaps he's a little in love with me. That happens, doesn't it? It's fun—it's exciting."

"And I'm not?"

"When do you have time?"

"And you must have excitement?"

She said sullenly, "I have to have *something.*"

His voice changed when, after a moment, he spoke. He asked, "What about the English refugee child?"

"What do you mean?" she said, staring at him.

"The one you were going to take for the duration."

"Oh, that. I changed my mind, as you didn't seem very keen on it; and besides, it would tie us down—"

"Us?"

"Me, then. Even with a good nurse. Lulu Wayne has had awfully bad luck with hers, you know; all sorts of childish diseases and—"

"Skip it," said Ron. "It was just a straw—"

She said, fear like a small cold hand clutching her, "Ron . . . let's not quarrel . . ."

"I wasn't aware that we were."

"You're angry again," she said childishly. "About Timothy this time."

"Not just this time. I haven't much liked your association with him all summer," he said.

"You're jealous!" said Lydia, and the fear left her, and her heart was warm again, light and expectant.

"Perhaps," he said slowly. "I don't know. I'm not sure of anything."

"You must be," she said urgently. "Of me, and of my love for you. Ron—" She came close and put her hands on his arms. "I—it's you always. I haven't been unfaithful," she said.

"That's a big word," he told her; "it can mean a lot of things."

She said, "Let me talk to you about it. Come back," she suggested, "in twenty minutes and we'll talk."

He shook his head. He said, "I'm tired. I was up most of last night."

He bent and kissed her briefly. "Good night," he said, and went through the communicating door into his own room. The door shut. Lydia stood looking at it, and after a moment she shrugged her shoulders and, lifting her hands, began to take the tiny pins from her shining curls.

☆ TOWARD morning Ron was conscious that his door, the one to the hall, was opening. He sat up in bed, alert as he had been in the old days of interneship. "Who is it?" he asked sharply.

"Jenny—"

"Is anything the matter?"

He snapped on the light beside his bed and looked at her. She was flushed from sleep, her eyes brilliant. She wore a straight silk robe over pajamas and her feet were bare.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

She said, "It's Lydia."

He was out of bed, groping for a robe, for his slippers.

She said rapidly, "I fell asleep as soon as I went to bed, and I woke just now. I'm next door to her, Ron, on the other side. I heard a sound in there, like a moan. I listened and it came again. I called her, and she didn't answer. I went down the hall and tried her door, but it was locked. I thought at first she was talking in her sleep; but I don't like the way it sounded."

He said, "We'll go through this way."

He went to the door between their rooms, but it too was locked. He said, "It may be nothing. And breaking

"There's nothing wrong with me. Ethel's taking a home defense course in first aid."

down doors makes a hell of a noise. Dad Allen's room is too close. I—"

He went to the window and unhooked the screen. Jenny, following him, asked anxiously, "What are you going to do?"

"The sun porch," he said briefly. "Wait here. Hand me my penknife, will you? It's on the bedside table."

She waited, standing in the center of Ron's room.

She heard a key turn and the communicating door opened. He said briefly, "I cut a hole in her screen and reached through and unhooked it."

Jenny went into Lydia's room, her heart tight with apprehension. Ron had switched on the light by the bed. Lydia had not awakened. She lay quite still, breathing heavily, and making at intervals the choked, alarming sound.

Ron had her hand, his finger on the pulse. He shook her, spoke to her urgently. She moaned and turned a little but did not answer. He lifted her eyelid.

"Ron, what is it?"

He was staring at something on the bedside table. His face was white and drawn. He said, "Nothing. She'll sleep it off." He added harshly, "She's drunk, Jenny."

"Drunk? But Lydia never— Oh, no, Ron," she said. "It isn't possible—it can't be. You must be mistaken."

He said, "Even a bad doctor—"

He looked down at Lydia in her stupor. His face was sickened and afraid.

"Leave her alone," he said, "and come on out of here."

☆ INCREDULOUS, Jenny followed him back into his room, and he closed the door and sat down on the edge of the bed, his hands limp between his knees, and stared at her.

"That's that," he said. "I've been a fool."

She said, "Lydia said she had a headache—when we came—and she's so terribly nervous. I noticed that tonight."

He said, as if he hadn't heard: "This isn't the first time. Earlier in the summer I went into her room one morning . . . I made excuses, too. No, not the first." He raised his haggard eyes. "It's all very simple. She sleeps late, she has her breakfast on a tray. When I'm here—or in town—I never see her in the morning, or if I go in quietly she is asleep. We won't see her today until noon."

"But she's riding with Mr. Wilson!"

"At twelve. Luncheon's at two. . . . Can't you see it, Jenny?"

"I can't see it at all. She never drinks," Jenny reminded him, "not even sherry."

"Not openly," he agreed. "But secretly. It's all very clear to me now. I—I've failed," he added, "a thousand ways."

Jenny said after a moment, "What will you do?"

"I don't know. Dad Allen mustn't know. That's the obstacle, Jenny. He mustn't know."

Suddenly and without warning, even to herself, she was crying, the tears spilling over, running down her cheeks. She was sick with pity—for him, for Lydia.

"Why, Jenny!" he said, startled.

Jenny wasn't vulnerable. Jenny was always the same, serene and sweet and capable, a shoulder to lean upon, a second right hand. But here she was, standing there, making no move to wipe the tears away, looking at him helplessly, with pity and in anguish.

He rose and took her hands and held them. He said, "Don't, my dear, don't—"

She said, "I haven't a handkerchief."

There was one in the pocket of his robe. He took it out and gave it to her and she blew her nose and mopped at her eyes. She said, "I'm so sorry, Ron—for everything."

He put his arms around her. "There," he said. "Don't, Jenny. If you go to pieces, what happens to me?"

She was where she belonged. No, she thought, I don't belong here—I never have! She tried to draw away, and could not.

She was warm and vibrant in his

(*Continued on page 54*)

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Yesterday's lumbering goons are gone.

It's a 22-man circus now . . and pays!

Pro Football knows the Angles

☆ THE one reason why professional football is now a paying proposition is that its promoters know the angles and play them. They give the customers what they want in a manner that leaves them gasping for breath. They put on a twenty-two-man circus and send the spectators away happy.

But it hasn't always been this way. For years before the National League was organized, pro football struggled along as a penny-ante pastime. With few exceptions, it was played in its early days by tramp athletes. After a game in which the teams tried to kill each other on the field, they would both beat a hasty retreat to the nearest saloon. All the money players and coaches got could be hidden in a tea bag. Only the zest for a bruising struggle kept the pro game alive.

Today pro football, under the aegis of the National Football League, attracts more than 1,600,000 customers in a season, and the total revenue amounts to millions. No figures are available on the hundreds of small-town, non-league teams, but in recent years most of them have been doing pretty well financially.

When it first made a bid for public favor, pro football made the mistake of emphasizing heft and neglecting speed and skill. Even as recently as ten years ago, pro teams were still manned by big lumbering goons who were so heavy they couldn't get out of their own way. Today a 220-pounder must have skill as well if he is to merit a position on a pro team. Men like Mel Hein, the veteran center of the New York Giants, his teammate Ed Widseth, and others of similar stature are not only big but able and agile, and they are not rare exceptions. Abnormal size, within reason, is useful. The mere colossal goons, however, have passed from the picture.

Basically, pro football is more theatrical than college football. Being purely a commercial enterprise, it has few restraining influences. When the pros realize that a change in the rules will bring more customers through the turnstiles, they make the change. Transformations in the college game are slower. Every alteration in college rules in the last twenty-five years, through the successive regimes of Walter Camp, E. K. Hall, and Walter Okeson, the present chairman of the rules committee, has been made solely for the players' welfare, to protect their lives and safeguard them from injury. Pro football, on the other hand, feels that the customers are entitled to the break. The pros permit a man to run after he recovers a ball fumbled by the opposition, even though he might get injured severely in the resulting scramble and pile-up. They altered the passing rule to give the aerial part of the game more drama and thrills.

Owners of pro teams quite naturally adapt their methods to meet the demands of the local situation. At Chicago and Green Bay the citizens are more football-minded than at Washington, where the Redskins hold the spotlight. But George P. Marshall realized years ago that it would take a lot of noise and color to fascinate staid and cosmopolitan Washingtonians. He organized a 100-piece band, bought gay uniforms of Indian design for the musicians, employed fireworks, and put on a bang-up show. In addition he saw to it that he had a good football team. His showmanship worked wonders. Washington went completely haywire over the autumn pastime, and today when the Redskins travel to New York they usually have about 15,000 fans following the team at their own expense.

But how many of these same fans would follow the Redskins were they a losing team? The loyalty of pro football fans is by no means as enduring as that of collegians. They like to cheer for a winner, but only a small percentage of them will pay to see their favorite team take trimmings.

As pro football becomes increasingly popular, some of the circus tactics and ballyhoo will vanish. As it is, it now offers both color and skill. Clean, hard, skillful play is the order of every game, and most of them are well worth the admission fee. Pro owners know that while coaches understand the value of linemen to a team, the crowd likes to see a high-stepping back or a great passer in action. That is why the backs are the ones who are making the big money in postgraduate football today.

In many respects the two games are similar. But college coaches, with few exceptions, teach a brand of football that is far more conservative than that of the pros. When Jock Sutherland went into professional football, after resigning from the University of Pittsburgh where he had been most successful, his greatest worry was as to whether or not he could shake off his inherent conservatism and teach the sensational harum-scarum pro game. That he did so is evident from his records. In one year he brought the Brooklyn Dodgers from the cellar to the first division in the East, and won eight games—enough in any other year to have won the top Eastern honors.

A good pro game is featured by passing, wide runs, spread plays, daring gestures, and colorful devices. It lives up to the average man's conception of football. But, to the fan who really knows the game, the total absence of any definite plan of attack, the emphasis placed on passing, and the frequent disregard of individual and collective technique prove irritating. People who know football are not awed by college reputations, which admittedly are the lifeblood of pro football. They know that few players improve after their junior years, and never as pros. They realize, too, that the reputation a man has is often the by-product of the work of the ten other men. Fortunately for pro football, these knowing fans are in a minority.

Pro coaches in recent years have discovered that college idols often have clay feet. Many stars of the last few seasons were never heard of in their college days, yet they proved superior to men with national reputations. An example was seen in the 1940 Eastern All-Star-Giant game. Tus McLaughry's collection of former collegians was composed largely of young men who never made the headlines. But when they stepped on the field they gave Steve Owens' Giants a dancing lesson. This year it was a different story. Jim Crowley, All-Star coach, was handed a squad the majority of whom had attained fame on college fields. But when they faced the Giants they looked like a collection of mediocre players wanting in poise and ability.

Any one who knows his football A B C's is aware that a great college

...THE PRO GAME IS A 22 MAN CIRCUS
AFTER I MAKE THIS TOUCHDOWN I'M GONNA ASK FOR A RAISE
COLLEGE RULE CHANGES ARE MADE FOR THE PLAYER... THE PROS CHANGE THEM FOR THE CUSTOMER
...IT WAS NO COINCIDENCE THAT LEN ESHMONT OF FORDHAM WOUND UP IN A GIANT UNIFORM

BY EDDIE DOOLEY

FOOTBALL EDITOR OF LIBERTY

team, like Minnesota's 1940 outfit, could hold its own with the best pro eleven. But that does not mean that a lot of good college players can practice together for a couple of weeks and expect to beat a good pro team. They have done so, to be sure, but not as often as they might.

College All-Star-Professional games pack 'em in. At Soldier Field, Chicago, early this season, 100,000 fans cheered themselves hoarse as Tom Harmon of Michigan fame, Norman Standlee of Stanford, and other 1940 collegiate aces tried to beat back the terrific surge of the Chicago Bears. And a few days later the Eastern All-Stars played the New York Giants before 50,000 fans at the Polo Grounds. That it was not the collegians alone who attracted the crowds is certain. The appeal of professional players is as strong, or stronger, judging by the sell-out throng which for three years has patronized the Pro Bowl game at Gilmore Stadium at Los Angeles.

In this clash the championship team of the National League faces a collection of Pro-All-Stars chosen from all the other teams in the league, and the show they put on is one for the book. Last year the Bears won 28 to 14 in a contest that left nothing to be desired. Pacific Coast papers remarked, in commenting on the game, that had it been played in the Coliseum, with a seating capacity of 105,000, not a seat would have been vacant. This year Tom Gallery is moving the game to Wrigley Field, with a capacity of about 40,000.

The leading pro teams today are soundly coached, well handled, and well managed. They make a point of securing, whenever possible, players from their own bailiwicks, thus assuring themselves of additional local followers. This is not always so, but it was no coincidence that Lou Defillippo, Len Eshmont, and John Kuzman of Fordham wound up in Giant uniforms this fall.

Thanks to such coaches as George Halas of the Chicago Bears, Curley Lambeau of the Green Bay Packers, Steve Owen of the Giants, and Red Flaherty of the Washington Redskins, the pro game has won the confidence of millions of football followers. They know that these men would tolerate nothing but wholehearted effort on the part of their players; that they insist on teamwork, and build up in their respective elevens an *esprit de corps* comparable to that of any college team. Halas, a veteran of the football wars, regards his players like a Dutch uncle. He's rough, tough, and yet benignly understanding. He is proud of the spirit that motivates his pro team, and of the loyalty of his men to him. "Why," he said recently, "I've seen great big lumbering 200-pounders break down and blubber on the bench because of a mistake, or because I didn't send them into a game at a critical moment when they thought they could save the day for us! They're as eager to do their stuff as a collegian dying for dear old Rutgers."

Of course, in that last, Halas might very pardonably be overstating the matter. Nowadays the pro teams do go all out in an effort to win. But the fervor with which they play is still a far cry from the furious spirit of young collegians. They are more cautious. They know that permanent injury means loss of earning capacity and empty pocketbooks. They use more head than heart.

A college player will knock an opposing player down whenever he gets a chance. A pro will save his energy for the time when knocking down will count most. Pro interference is evident only when a man is out in the clear. On the average play the downfield blocking is noticeable by its absence. This is understandable when a man remembers that the man he is blocking for may be the guy who will put him on the shelf by beating him out of his job.

Halas, by perseverance and intelligent administration, has parlayed a shoestring proposition—the pro football of twenty years ago—into the half-million-dollar proposition his team is today. Last year, when the Bears met the Green Bay Packers at Wrigley Field, some 5,000 persons were turned away, and twice as many more would have purchased tickets beforehand had they been available.

Halas himself admits that in the early days, when he counted the gate receipts and finally divided up ten

(*Continued on page 43*)

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

Ed Gets a Mother Complex

and ponders antiques: "Why don't folks bust their own clocks and save money?"

ILLUSTRATOR
CHARLES LA SALLE

☆ IF you didn't know the inside facts like I do most all you could say about that horse of Mr. Pope's was that he was a horse. People in Mount Kisco used to laugh like anything when he went clumping by with Mr. Pope sort of crouched on his back and some of them even got mad about it. My goodness they said that Wilbur Pope must make ten thousand a year and he's got a fine house and a wife that makes most other women look as if they'd just been rescued from drowning and he ought to be ashamed to ride around on that revolting old plug! But Mr. Pope didn't care. He'd bought this horse so that week-ends he could get out where it was quiet instead of staying home and pouring drinks for Mrs. Pope's friends. And he'd got pretty fond of him. The horse's name was Ed.

Well of course plenty of men have horses or dogs they are fond of and even prefer to human society and it's easy to see why. A horse will never give you an argument and a dog will listen to your troubles without interrupting to squawk about his own sufferings. He's man's best friend because he has no comeback. But Ed could talk. And in spite of that Mr. Pope was fond of him. Ed had his opinions and they were good sensible ones though perhaps sometimes his language was a little coarse. But Mr. Pope had been to college so he didn't mind that.

Of course Ed's being able to talk was sometimes embarrassing. Like the time Mr. Pope went to that auction up near Mount Kisco. They'd been out riding that Saturday and had stopped in several taverns for beer. They'd had enough for the time being and were sort of ambling up a back road when they came to a white house on a hill and a lot of cars around it and about forty people sitting on the lawn in undertakers' chairs in front of a man who was standing on a table and yelling. Everything in the house had been brought out and stacked on the porch and I don't suppose it was any funnier a lot of junk than your or my personal property would be if it was all dragged out into the sunshine. But Ed and Mr. Pope thought it was funny and they went and stood under a tree a little back from the crowd and watched.

Well the first thing they saw sold was a glass dish which the auctioneer said was a hobnail pattern and a genuine antique and the bidding started at a quarter and went right up to four dollars and ten cents. Gosh it must be an antique at that said Ed though what anybody'd want with a dish with warts all over it I dunno. The woman who'd bought it turned around and looked angrily at Mr. Pope and Ed laughed and said something which I can't repeat because it was slightly off color and the woman didn't turn around again but sat very straight and her ears got red.

Shut up you fool! whispered Mr. Pope. Everybody thinks I said that and I'm not going to have your smart cracks fathered on me. Smut cracks Wilb—smut cracks said Ed and began to giggle. Not bad hey? he said. Just one more good or bad and we go home said Mr. Pope crossly so Ed didn't say any more.

The next thing was a parlor organ in good condition except that it wheezed badly when the auctioneer played a few chords on it. The bidding started at a dollar and went rapidly up to a dollar and a half and it was sort of hesitating there when Ed yelled suddenly One seventy-five!

One seventy-five from the gentleman with the horse said the auctioneer and he's a musician himself or I miss my guess for he's got a voice could sing Asleep in the Deep to the queen's taste. Everybody laughed because Ed had yelled his bid in a voice that could have been heard over on the other side of the hill. For heaven's sake Ed! murmured Mr. Pope.

The organ sold finally for six dollars and when attention had turned to a tin footbath filled with old books Mr. Pope said What on earth got into you Ed? I dunno said Ed, I thought it would be kind of nice to have in the stable and you could accompany me and I could sing some of the old songs. It would go with your voice all right said Mr. Pope with that wheeze in it. And how did you suppose we'd get it home? Hadn't thought of that said Ed. Well said Mr. Pope you'd better think of it.

So Ed was quiet for a while but Mr. Pope could see that he was getting auction fever which comes upon even hard-boiled old plugs like Ed and makes them lose all sense of values and bid as long as anybody can be found to bid against them. Come on Ed let's be going said Mr. Pope. But Ed was too intent on the bidding to hear him. And suddenly he shouted Twenty-five!

Well it was a picture Ed was bidding on and it was pretty terrible. It showed a square-headed little girl with curls sitting in a big chair with spectacles on and a smirk and the name of it was I'se Dram'ma. Ed for heaven's sake! said Pope. Cute ain't it? said Ed and as an old gentleman with tobacco-stained whiskers raised the bid to thirty with a truculent look at Mr. Pope the horse called Thirty-five!

But when the old gentleman went to forty Mr. Pope shook his head violently at the auctioneer. Going at forty cents—last call said the auctioneer. But Mr. Pope was staring menacingly at Ed who didn't dare bid again. Aw what's the matter with you Wilbur? said Ed as the next picture A Yard of Pansies was put up. My gosh forty cents! It isn't the forty cents and you know it said Mr. Pope but I'm not going to ride home like a border reaver with the spoils of war in the

She looked at Ed and frowned slightly. This is—er—your horse? Mr. Pope said it was.

BY WALTER BROOKS

shape of I'se Dram'ma at my saddlebow. You might better come home with some nice pictures said Ed than with some other things. I guess your wife would rather see you roll home carrying I'se Dram'ma than carrying the kind of load you did last Sunday. That was a right pretty picture but if you grudge forty cents for me to have something like that hung up over my stall to give me pleasure I got nothing more to say. Fine said Mr. Pope. If you've got nothing more to say we'll stay.

At this point there was some innocent gaiety caused by the tobacco-stained old gentleman who bought what he thought was a bundle of pillowcases which when opened turned out to be six pairs of old-fashioned drawers trimmed with Hamburg lace. I can't never take them things home! he said and began distributing them to the ladies in his vicinity most of whom took the joke in good part. But one large pink woman in a garden hat stared coldly at the ribald old gentleman and said I do not think that is funny. You and her Wilb muttered Ed. My gosh what do folks come to an auction for if it isn't to have some fun? Don't pout said Mr. Pope it isn't becoming. Anyway he said I don't want to spoil your fun. But I know that woman. She's the wife of Lamson who's head of our firm. It won't do to have her reporting to him that I'm eccentric and a lot of things would look eccentric to her that you and I would think were fun. Like buying I'se Dram'ma. She hasn't much humor in her. Yeah said Ed I know what you're trying to say. You're ashamed of me. You want to get out of here because you're ashamed of being seen by her with an old nag like me.

Mr. Pope turned and looked at the horse. Say what's the matter with you Ed? he said. He hesitated a minute and then took hold of the bridle and led Ed over close to where Mrs. Lamson was sitting. How do you do Mrs. Lamson? he said. Mrs. Lamson turned and smiled graciously. Oh how do you do Mr. Pope? she said. You've been riding? Mr. Pope said yes he rode a good deal week-ends. How nice said Mrs. Lamson and then she looked at Ed and frowned slightly. And this is—er—your horse? Mr. Pope said it was. He wished Ed would stand up straighter and not leer. He was sure that Ed was standing knock-kneed on purpose.

I used to hunt a great deal said Mrs. Lamson. I was practically brought up on horseback. Back home in the Genesee Valley. Then she said I gather you're interested in antiques?

Mr. Pope wasn't sure whether she had changed the subject or not but he said O no he had just been passing by and stopped out of curiosity. Mrs. Lamson said There is nothing of any value here—except possibly that break front. But the rest of this rubbish! She made what in her girlhood she had practiced as a little *moue*. Nowadays it was just a face. Mr. Pope

led Ed back to the shade of his tree.

I take it all back said Ed. You wasn't ashamed of me. Just the same you ought to have slapped her down for the looks she gave me. What the hell is a break front Wilb? Search me said Mr. Pope. But see here Ed. If you want to buy something so much I won't stop you. Provided it's something we can carry home.

Well the first thing Ed bid on was a feather bed which he thought would be more comfortable to sleep on than the rather inferior grade of straw which he accused Mr. Pope of providing for him. Or I could wear it over my shoulders winter mornings he said —like a sort of negligee. But the ribald old gentleman bid on it too and Ed had taken a fancy to him after the episode of the drawers so he let him have it.

☆ AND then the auctioneer put up a picture of a race horse. This is a hand-painted oil painting ladies and gentlemen he said and I don't know when I've seen a nicer painted one. Almost as clear and sharp as a colored photograph. Who'll say a dollar to start it? A dollar! called Ed.

Why didn't you say a quarter you dope murmured Mr. Pope. No sense throwing my money away. I'd be ashamed to make such a bid said Ed. Well I don't see—Mr. Pope began. It reminds me of my mother said Ed simply. O said Mr. Pope I beg your pardon Ed.

Somebody bid two dollars and Ed promptly bid three. Three from the gentleman over by the tree said the auctioneer and if I may say so sir the horse in this picture kind of favors that horse of yours—she does indeed. Every one turned around and there was some laughter. I expect maybe when you were young said Mr. Pope looking thoughtfully at Ed. What was your mother's name? And when Ed said it was Nellie he called to the auctioneer and asked him if there was any name on the picture. Something here on the back said the man. Here 'tis—Jenny Lind—owned by Colonel E. P. Rockway. Four dollars. Four and a half. Do I hear the five?

Not your mother after all said Mr. Pope. Yeah? said Ed. Well I guess I ought to know my own mother. Far as I know she never stood for her portrait. Too busy on the milk route. But folks always said she was pretty as a picture and this must be the picture she was as pretty as. Had four white stockings just like the picture too. Well you were going to collect stockings said Mr. Pope so here's your chance. But I guess somebody else has got the same idea. For the bids had now reached six dollars. Half! called Ed. Well some one bid seven and Ed went the half and they bid eight and Ed went the half again and Mr. Pope said Gosh Ed! and then he shrugged his shoulders and said O well I can take it. And then all at once he saw that the person who was bidding against Ed was Mrs. Lamson.

Well I don't know that the whole of Mr. Pope's life passed before his eyes in that instant but an interview he had had with Mr. Lamson passed before them all right. For there had recently been a shake-up in the firm and it was Mr. Lamson who had been doing the shaking and although Mr. Pope had not like two of his friends been shaken right out of his job he had been made to feel pretty insecure. Mr. Lamson had seriously criticized his handling of two of his best accounts. They can't show a profit and neither can we if you allow them continually to reduce their appropriations said Mr. Lamson. You have got to use more business sense Wilbur and more firmness. And so if you are to continue with us—as I hope you are—

Well Mr. Pope was thinking about

"It's a relief to know you can get something without vitamins in it these days."

this interview and did not realize for a minute that Mrs. Lamson had turned around and was beckoning to him. So just as Ed bid twelve dollars he walked over to her. I just realized she said that it is you who are bidding against me. Have you a particular reason for wanting to own this picture Mr. Pope? Why it's on account of Ed said Mr. Pope and then as she looked puzzled he said That is Ed is my horse you know and as the picture looked rather like him— I can't see that it looks particularly like him interrupted Mrs. Lamson and so as it seems to be merely a whim of yours to bid it up I will tell you that I want to bid it in for my collection. You collect horse pictures? said Mr. Pope. Record holders said Mrs. Lamson. You see when harness racing was so popular most of the old-time trotters had their portraits painted and I've been able to find a great many of them.

I had twelve madam said the auctioneer catching her eye. Will you bid thirteen? Just a moment said Mrs. Lamson and turned back to Mr. Pope. I found a portrait of Maud S. last week she said. She held the record in 1885—two minutes eight and three quarters seconds. I'm extremely anxious to get Jenny Lind. She held the record only part of one season and so not being a famous horse like Goldsmith Maid for instance it seemed unlikely that there would be a portrait. Well in that case said Mr. Pope. Thank you said Mrs. Lamson I felt sure you'd be reasonable about it. Thirteen! she called.

But as Mr. Pope walked back to where he had left Ed standing under a tree the horse bid fifteen.

Mrs. Lamson turned in angry amazement. Sixteen! she said. Stop it you fool! muttered Mr. Pope. Twenty! shouted Ed. Twenty-one! said Mrs. Lamson. Twenty-five and I've only begun to bid! yelled Ed.

Mrs. Lamson got up and turned around and walked slowly over to Mr. Pope. You can have it Mr. Pope she said furiously. But I think you will regret it. And she walked off to her car.

Mr. Pope didn't say anything to Ed until they were a mile or two along the road home. He had looped his arm through the wire on the back of the picture which he was carrying like a shield. Well he said finally you fixed me all right. O shucks Wilb don't be such a sourpuss said Ed. What's twenty-five bucks to a man in your position? I haven't got any position said Mr. Pope—not after she tells Lamson that I said I'd let her have the picture and then went on bidding. You saved him twenty dollars said Ed. He's an advertising man said Mr. Pope. He believes you should encourage people to spend—not save. Why couldn't you have kept your mouth shut? I dunno said the horse I guess it was when she said you were just bidding it in for a whim and you let her get away with it. It ain't any whim wanting my own mother's picture. Sounds like a whim to me said Mr. Pope. All right said Ed all right —call it a whim then. But if it had been me in your place and your mother's picture I'd promised to buy for you believe me I'd have bought it.

☆ THEY got the picture into the stable without Mrs. Pope seeing it and hung it over Ed's manger. And that evening Mrs. Pope looked out the window and said Wilbur you left the light on in the stable. So I did said Mr. Pope because he didn't want to tell her that Ed had probably turned the light on so he could see his new family portrait. Well go turn it out said Mrs. Pope. O let it burn said Mr. Pope. What's two cents' worth of electricity? But Mrs. Pope gave a sniff and before he could stop her went out to the stable. And in a minute she called Wilbur! Wilbur!

So Mr. Pope went after her. What's this picture over Ed's manger? said Mrs. Pope. O said Mr. Pope I bought that for Ed. I thought it would sort of—you know—dress up the place for him. Dress it up for him! exclaimed Mrs. Pope. A horse! Wilbur have you gone stark staring— But she didn't get any further because just then Carrie came out to tell them that they had callers.

Well Mr. Pope was glad of the in-

terruption but he wasn't so glad when they went into the house and found Mr. and Mrs. Lamson there. Good evening Mr. Pope said Mrs. Lamson. We've come over to see if we can't come to some agreement about that picture. I've talked it over with Mr. Lamson and we both feel that we want to be fair and that perhaps you didn't understand— What is all this Wilbur? said Mrs. Pope. So Mrs. Lamson explained. Well goodness Wilbur said Mrs. Pope if you told Mrs. Lamson you weren't going to bid against her and then went right ahead with your bidding the only decent thing to do is give the picture to her. Mr. Lamson didn't say anything but just looked as he did when there was trouble in the office.

Well Mr. Pope was in a quandary not to say a dilemma but he saw all at once that there was one thing he could not do—he could not let Ed down. For Ed was his friend but Mr. Lamson was just his boss. So he said I'm sorry but I'm afraid I can't give the picture to you Mrs. Lamson because it doesn't belong to me now. I bought it to give to a friend and I've already given it to him. Why Wilbur Mrs. Pope began but Mr. Pope said Please Carlotta! and so she didn't say any more—then.

So then Mr. Lamson spoke for the first time. Perhaps if your friend knows the circumstances he said—if he knows how important it is for Mrs. Lamson and—he added after a slight pause—for you to have the matter settled in a friendly way—perhaps he'd be willing to give it up. Mr. Pope said doubtfully that if they'd wait a few minutes he'd go ask him. And he went down to the stable.

But Ed had no intention of giving the picture up. Go ahead he said angrily. Go ahead! Give the old fool the picture. Don't let *my* feelings stand in your way. Don't bother about me. I'm only a horse. I'm only the one you gave the picture to. O gosh Ed said Mr. Pope be reasonable will you? I'll get you another horse picture—I'll get you half a dozen. I don't want any others said Ed. Would you trade your own mother's picture in for that of some other old plug? Don't be rude said Mr. Pope and anyway she isn't your mother. Jenny Lind ran in the seventies and your mother couldn't have been alive then. Well so it's my grandmother then said Ed. What's the difference? I'se Dram'ma murmured Mr. Pope. But Ed looked up at the picture and said in a husky voice I never knew my mother Wilb. I missed all that—the tender care a mother lavishes on her little son. And this—this lifeless picture—it cannot speak to me—tell me all the loving things that she must have murmured to me when I was too young to understand. Yet it is all I have of her Wilbur. Would you take even that away from me?

O gosh Ed said Mr. Pope exasperatedly you know perfectly well she's not your mother. I can't be mistaken said Ed shaking his head. Instinctively one recognizes his own. Rats! said Mr. Pope. Rats for you no doubt said Ed. Horses for me. No no Wilbur he went on. This surge of filial emotion I feel when I gaze upon that picture—

He rolled his eyes sentimentally then choked up and a large tear slid down his long nose. And just as Mr. Pope started to reply Mr. Lamson's voice behind him said Ah there you are Wilbur. We had to be getting along and Mrs. Pope said she thought we'd find you here. Has your horse got a cold? he asked as Ed gave a loud sniff. I'm sorry to be so long Mr. Pope began but Mrs. Lamson rushed forward. Why there's Jenny Lind! she exclaimed. O then you have her back! No said Mr. Pope unfortunately I haven't. My friend refuses to give it up. May we ask your friend's name? said Mr. Lamson but Mr. Pope said No it wouldn't be any use.

See here Wilbur said Mr. Lamson you must realize that this all has a rather unpleasant look to us. You say the picture has been given away yet we find it in your possession. You refuse to give the name of the owner. You don't explain why you continued to bid after promising that you wouldn't. I don't like that Wilbur. Perhaps you remember a little talk we had a day or so ago? Mr. Pope said he did. Well said Mr. Lamson I have been hoping that it might

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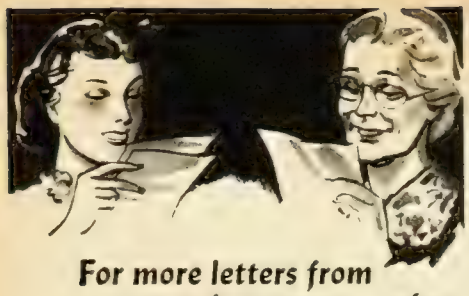

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bear some fruit in the shape of a more vigorous attitude toward your work. But your obstinacy in defending an indefensible position is not very encouraging. Nevertheless I am prepared to overlook it and to offer you exactly twice what you paid for the picture—fifty dollars. Is it a deal? Mr. Pope looked Mr. Lamson straight in the eye and said No!

Well Mr. Lamson looked at Mrs. Lamson and they both began to swell up as if they were going to explode but before they could Carrie came out and said Mr. Pope was wanted on the phone. So he went in and it was a Mr. Sproul who said he'd learned that Mr. Pope had bought a picture of Jenny Lind. Mr. Pope said Yes he had and Mr. Sproul said Well I intended to go to the auction and bid on that picture but I was detained but I think I can make you an attractive offer for it. And when Mr. Pope said it wasn't for sale Mr. Sproul said Well he could go to $250.

Well when Mr. Pope heard that he swallowed and said it did indeed sound attractive and he might consider it only would Mr. Sproul mind telling him just why he wanted it. Mr. Sproul said not at all for he was a dealer and he had several clients who were collecting portraits of early trotters and this was the only known portrait of Jenny Lind. So Mr. Pope said he'd call him in the morning and went back to the barn.

☆ WELL Wilbur said Mr. Lamson is your answer final? Mr. Pope glanced at Ed who was looking kind of worried and the horse shook his head at him but Mr. Pope said Absolutely final. Very good said Mr. Lamson and I think you know what to expect. I suppose you mean my job said Mr. Pope who was now good and mad. Well that's all right with me for I don't particularly care to work with a man who would try to pull a fast one on one of his employees. I don't understand you said Mr. Lamson. Perhaps it will clear it up for you if you tell me why Mrs. Lamson didn't raise my last bid said Mr. Pope. Why what perfect nonsense! said Mrs. Lamson. Is it? said Mr. Pope turning to her. I suggest he said that you thought I did not know the real value of this picture and that you stopped bidding because you thought Mr. Lamson could buy it from me at a fraction of its worth. Why I never heard anything so ridiculous! said Mrs. Lamson. What do you think it is worth? Well said Mr. Pope I would consider an offer of three hundred dollars. Well everybody gasped including Ed but Mr. Lamson who had been looking more and more worried put his arm on Mr. Pope's shoulder and gave a laugh that would have been jovial if it hadn't cracked badly in the middle and said By George Wilbur you caught us out nicely and I must say you have passed our little test with flying colors. What little test? said Mr. Pope and Mr. Lamson said Why you remember in the little talk we had I said I felt that your lack of firmness in business dealings with your clients was a handicap? So I arranged this little test with Mrs. Lamson. I made it obvious that we were trying to force a bad bargain on you but you saw through it and then turned the tables neatly. I congratulate you my boy. And we are offering three hundred dollars for that picture.

Mr. Pope thought a minute and then he said H'm yes—I see. But my business sense still tells me that it would be a mistake to close tonight. Suppose I give you my answer tomorrow? So Mr. Lamson said that would be fine and Mrs. Lamson looked sort of bewildered but she said good night politely when Mr. Lamson nudged her and they went.

Why Wilbur! said Mrs. Pope I thought you were—Why you were wonderful! I was indeed said Mr. Pope. But right now I need a drink so let's go in. Ed coughed meaningly but Mr. Pope went on out of the barn. But a little later he came back with a bottle and gave Ed a generous slug of whisky. Boy that's the stuff! said Ed. Got a wallop to it like having a tree fall on you. Where'd you get it? It's Old Stormy said Mr. Pope. Fifteen years old and I can get it for three fifty a bottle. If I hadn't spent so much for that picture of your mother today I could get us a few bottles tomorrow. Yeah said Ed but the picture's mine now. All yours agreed Mr. Pope. But of course if you took Lamson's offer—let's see—after paying me back you'd have two hundred and seventy-five dollars. That would be—hell I'm no business man—around eighty bottles.

☆ EIGHTY bottles said Ed dreamily. You know Wilb I've been thinking—this talk about a mother's influence and as the twig is bent and so on—well it's a lot of baloney. I ain't saying anything against mothers. They're all right in their place and I suppose you have to have 'em. But this is a man's world. So I've heard said Mr. Pope. Yeah said Ed and too much mother's influence turns out sissies. All this crying into your beer because you never had a mother's care. . . . Well look at me—I turned out all right without it didn't I? I guess you wouldn't have been any different said Mr. Pope.

Ed looked at him suspiciously for a minute then turned and looked up at the portrait. I dunno Wilb he said. Something seems to have gone out of that picture for me. Now if it was really my mother's picture— Instinctively one recognizes one's own murmured Mr. Pope. Well a guy can be mistaken can't he? said Ed. O.K. said Mr. Pope. Let's take it down and I'll accept Lamson's offer for you. Maybe it would be better said Ed. Keep it here and it would only soften me up all the time. And we can't afford to be soft life being what it is. When can you get delivery on that liquor Wilb?

THE END

Flying through Hell

He plunged down to the sea with a closed parachute—but his 5-pound note was safe!

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

BY FLIGHT LIEUTENANT GEORGE PATTERSON CHRISTIE

☆ INSTEAD of carefully stalking the German formation, which consisted of thirty H.E.-111s and fifty M.E.-110s, Bader led us straight into the middle. German airplanes went in all directions. I didn't see any more of our squadron. I got on the tail of a 110 and followed it right down. It crashed about two miles west of the Welsh Harp. I pulled out about a couple of hundred feet up. The Jerry had crashed at well over 500 miles an hour, and there was absolutely nothing left of it.

When we returned to our base and counted heads, not a single one of our machines had been touched, and we had accounted for eleven Germans for certain, and several other probables.

It was four days after this that, on Bader's recommendation, I was promoted to flight lieutenant and posted to 66 Fighter Squadron. We moved that same day to ——, which is just south of London and definitely in the battle area. The next morning we got up early and took off just before dawn for our forward base at ——. On the way there, our control called us on the radio and informed us that a large formation of Jerries was coming over, and we started to climb up to meet them. At 15,000 feet I turned on my oxygen and found the bottle was empty. I called up the C. O., left the squadron, and landed at ——. During the five minutes it took to change the bottle, I could hear the fight going on overhead.

As soon as my machine was ready, I took off and started to climb. I passed two Hurricanes coming down, and then I saw what I thought was a Spitfire. I went to join up with him, but when I got about 120 yards away, I saw it was an M.E.-109. I immediately attacked, and he dived out for the Channel. I chased him across and finally shot him down two miles from the French coast. I was then practically out of ammunition, and as I was only at fifteen feet, I turned toward the English coast with two more 109s above and behind me, and made a run for home.

The squadron had already landed after the big scrap, but had been unable to claim any Jerries for certain, as there were too many about to follow one down, so mine was the only one confirmed then. Two lads didn't return. One turned up later all right; the other died in hospital of burns.

We did another patrol from Hawking without meeting anything, and then we were sent up again. This time we saw about twenty J.U.-88s, with one Focke-Wulf Condor in the middle. We were just going to attack, when wave after wave of their fighters came up behind them. We sailed into the fighters, which I found out later, from a German pilot in hospital, numbered 300, and the biggest fight I'd ever seen commenced.

After carrying out attacks on two 109s, I broke out of the main fight and started after the bombers. I intended to dive through the center of their formation and take a shot at the Focke-Wulf in passing. But as I turned to dive, the end of my starboard wing was blown off by a shell from a 109 which had got up behind me without my seeing it. My machine did two flick rolls from the impact of the shell,

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and I made it do two or three more in the hope that the German would think I was finished. Then I dived straight down, pulling out at about 1,000 feet, and headed back for ——.

As I taxied in, an airman came running up to me and said, "Please, sir, your wing's been 'it," as there was a hole about four feet square in the wing tip. I said, "I know, and so have I." I realized I must have something in my leg, as I could feel blood running into my flying boot. I asked the airman, "Where are the sick quarters?" and he replied, "Please, sir, we ain't got one—it was blowed up last week." I had to drive my own car into Croydon to find a hospital. There were only two small pieces of shrapnel in my leg and one piece in my arm. The doctor fixed me up and gave me the afternoon off, so I went up to London to celebrate my first war wounds.

☆ NEXT day I went back to the station. We were sent up about two thirty in the afternoon, and were patrolling about 23,000 feet over Maidstone when we sighted some Jerries coming on up over the Estuary. We went out to meet them. They had a few bombers lower down and a lot of fighters behind. We immediately attacked the fighters. My fighter had been damaged the day before, and I was using a very slow machine and an old one. I couldn't quite keep up with the squadron when the scrap actually started. I was left behind, and found I was mixed up with twelve Messerschmitt 109s.

I got on the tail of one and was firing at it and hitting it plenty, when suddenly my dashboard just disappeared and the petrol tank burst. The petrol caught fire and started straight back into my lap. I immediately threw the hood open, pulled the emergency pin from the harness, and tried to jump. Nothing happened, as the straps hadn't been undone. Immediately I was enveloped in flames which swept up to my face and hands. I clawed desperately at the straps and at last was able to go free and jump.

This thought flashed through my mind: I mustn't pull the rip cord now or they'll shoot me in my parachute. And then this one: I wonder if they can shoot me with my parachute not open. This struck me as a good idea, and I curled up into a ball to see if I could fall any faster. I was turning very slowly, heels over head, and I was able to watch the ground and judge about how high I was. I was doing this for about fifteen seconds, and then, for some unknown reason, I got on my back and started to spin around so that I couldn't see the ground. I tried every squirm and wriggle I could manage to turn over so I could judge my height, but found I couldn't. I then started timing myself on my watch, giving myself another forty-five seconds, and then pulled the rip cord of the chute.

During the drop, the parachute was flapping about in the breeze. When I pulled the cord, it didn't open properly. I found myself hanging head down, heading for the river. The strands gradually untwisted, and by kicking my feet free I swung around and was hanging the right way up.

When I got properly adjusted and drifting in the breeze, an airplane suddenly dived down toward me, and I thought it was all over with me. It turned out to be a Hurricane, however, and he circled around me, covering and guarding me in case I was attacked. When I was about fifteen feet off the water, I undid the quick release of the harness, dropped free, blew up my Mae West black jacket, and floated quite comfortably in the water.

From there I had a very good view of the fight going on above me. I saw a Messerschmitt being chased down by two Hurricanes. I cheered lustily. During this time the Hurricane that had followed me down flew over to a little patrol vessel which was in the Channel and signaled that there was a man in the water. The vessel turned and started making its way toward me. While I was lying there, I suddenly noticed a five-pound note floating around in the water. It had come out of my pocket. I didn't mind if I drowned, but I wasn't going to lose that, and swam after it as fast as I could and picked it up and stuck it into my pocket.

At last the vessel came up to me, and I was fished out. The admiral's barge was passing and a doctor came over and put dry dressings on my wounds, held cigarettes for me to smoke. They gave me what they said was two fingers of rum, which was about a tumblerful. About that time I began to think the war wasn't such a bad thing after all. It wasn't until I got into Chatham Hospital that I realized I'd been injured beside the burns: I had forty or fifty bits of shrapnel in me.

Within a week I was all right again; most of the burns had healed up considerably, except for my left arm.

☆ SOON after I left the hospital I caught a boat for Canada, and I am willing to confess that I was more frightened while on board that ship, mulling over the threat of submarines, torpedoes, and German battle cruisers, than I ever had been in a dogfight three miles above the earth in a plane. After two awfully short weeks in the Laurentian Mountains, I went down to Halifax and picked up an American flying boat and flew it across to Scotland. When I got down to London I found the squadron had been greatly changed and that I was in command of A Flight instead of B Flight without even knowing it myself.

When I really had to start fighter flying again, I found that my nerves were not "so good." I had suffered from being burned and shot down, and I found that every time I flew I was looking around anxiously and had a sinking feeling in my stomach. Luckily, I got over that fairly soon, and the thing that helped me more than anything else was a ripping experience.

One day I was out on patrol, leading two squadrons, when the order came through that some Germans were coming over and we were to intercept them. The twenty of us went down and met these Germans just about over Deal. There were about fifty Junkers 87s and a lot of Messerschmitt 109s. They didn't want to fight and kept up in the clouds until we sailed into the J.U.-87s and had a wonderful scrap. I attacked first, taking the man on the starboard plank, who immediately turned over and went down.

I was so interested in watching him that I nearly rammed the next man in the German formation, and I had to half roll underneath to miss him. When I did this, his rear gunner got a very good burst and put about eight bullets right down the belly of my machine. I felt the bang and the hit, and I pulled out to the side for a quick turn to check my machine and see that it was all right and also to make sure that no Messerschmitts had come down on my tail.

When a few Messerschmitts had appeared out of the cloud, I went in to attack one of them. I got a few bursts into him, when I saw two more 109s appear out of the cloud. I took discretion as the better part of valor and got out of that. As I was diving down, I suddenly got on the tail of another Junkers 87, firing all the time. At about 200 feet he caught fire and tried to level out, and then crashed and exploded into the sea.

☆ WHEN we got back to the airdrome and counted heads, we had lost only three machines, two of the pilots had bailed out completely, and one had forced-landed with a few small wounds, but nothing serious. We had accounted for thirteen Germans for certain. This fight bucked me up. I got my old confidence back and really began to enjoy myself.

A few weeks after this I was out on patrol with the squadron, when they called through on the radio to tell us that there was a German reconnaissance machine, a Dornier, which was spotting for the Calais guns, flying down near Hastings. My No. 2, the sergeant, and I left the squadron to try to find this machine. While we were flying along the coast we suddenly sighted the Dornier and made off after it as fast as we could, but it got away into the clouds. As we were cruising along, looking up and down the coast, hoping it would appear again, we saw four that appeared to be Spitfires in groups of two flying along the coast, and as they passed Hastings they turned round to the right, came back over Hastings, and an object which looked like a bomb fell out of one of the front machines. I flew up to see what they were, and as I got close enough I saw the first two were Messerschmitts. With a whoop of joy I sailed straight after the first two. I was behind them, and my sergeant was about half a mile behind me. I took it for granted that the other two machines were two more Spitfires chasing these Messerschmitts.

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Both these machines dived gradually down to about 700 feet. I got on the tail of the nearest one and started firing at him. The other one, instead of turning to help, just ran off at high speed. I kept firing at this first one, hit his petrol tank, then pulled out to the side, took a shot at the other one and then came back to the first one again and fired until I had used up all my ammunition. Luckily the Jerry's engine froze up solid and he crashed in the Channel ten to fifteen miles out.

The second one had started to turn around by then, so I carried out a couple of "dummy" attacks on him, shouting at the same time for my No. 2 to hurry up, as there was a Messerschmitt coming to attack him. Finally I turned around, and realized that the two machines behind me, instead of being my No. 2, were two more 109s that had been sitting there firing at me the whole time. I climbed immediately to the nearest cloud and headed for home.

When I got back I learned that my No. 2 had been sitting behind those two other Messerschmitts, and he had succeeded in shooting one of them down. I found three bullet holes in my own machine, one of which was only about three or four inches from my head. That was too close for comfort. Just at that time the BBC radio car had come round, so they took a recording of our combat report and broadcast it on the BBC news.

The next day, while I was on patrol with the squadron, I observed some AA fire bursting about 20,000 feet over Chatham, and by looking very closely I saw a tiny speck, which looked just like a spot of dust, diving vertically down. I left the squadron, called up, and told the C. O. what I had seen, and went off after it. The craft had dived down very steeply and was going straight out toward the Channel along the Thames. I saw it was a 109, so I slowly closed up the distance between us. I had lots of time. He hadn't seen me. I was behind and on the sunny side of it. I got his wings man on my sight and set 250 yards' range. I was in perfect position and opened fire.

Just as I did this, I got into his slip stream. My bullets, instead of hitting him, went over above him and to his left. Of course he saw this tracer shooting past him. He did a steep turn to the left and then turned right again, hoping I would overshoot. I found I was able to stay behind him, and I got another good burst and shot his radiator full of holes. He tried two or three more times to outmaneuver me, but he found that at that speed a Spitfire is much more maneuverable than a 109, so I was able to keep on his tail. He stopped wiggling about and headed back toward the English coast, glycol streaming from his radiator. I stopped firing then and followed him.

He went straight in and landed at an airdrome with wheels up. The ground defense opened fire at him as he was coming in, but they didn't seem to hit him. I circled the airdrome, put my wheels and flaps down, and came in to land. As I was crossing over the hedge, the ground defenses opened up and put a bullet through my wing. I went straight ahead, landed, and taxied up beside the 109.

I had a talk with Jerry for about an hour. We discussed the fight, the mistakes he'd made, and it was very interesting indeed to have a chance to see the point of view of the fellow who was at the other end of your gun. He seemed very much impressed with the maneuverability of the Spitfire. I was very much incensed about our ground defenses having fired at me, as my markings were clearly visible. I got on the telephone, called the C. O., and raised an awful stink about it. I told the ground defenses that if they did that again I was going to come over and shoot them.

☆ AFTER about half an hour I took off again and went back to my own station. The irony of fate was that about ten minutes after I'd left, two more 109s came over and ground-strafed the airdrome. That 109 which I got made the 599th German that our station had shot down in one year, so the C. O. started a kitty to see how much he could collect for the man who shot down the 600th.

The next day everybody was up early, in the hope that they could get off and get the 600th airplane. There was about thirty pounds (about $120) in this pool. However, the morning was very misty and so we weren't allowed to take off. Finally I took off to do a weather test, and two boys from one of the other squadrons took off to do a weather test as well. The three of us joined up and started toward the Channel to see if we could find anything and try and get the 600th machine.

As we were going down, though, the weather was gradually clearing, and I was called up from the station and told to return and pick up the rest of my squadron so we could go on patrol. Very reluctantly I did this, and while I was going back I heard the other two had engaged a German and shot it down. They got the 600th and the thirty pounds.

You can imagine my disgust. If I had not been called back, I would have been with them in the scrap and I would have been in on the kitty.

THE END

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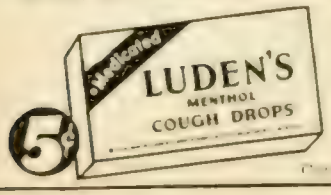

Copr. 1941, Luden's, Inc.

Pictures you ought to see

By Howard Barnes

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

HOWARD BARNES

READING TIME
8 MIN. 5 SEC.

★★★★ ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN

A simple preacher is the hero of this screen drama. The trials and tribulations he faced in serving his fellow men make up the story pattern. On the face of it, this would scarcely seem to be a good recipe for an entertaining film. Frankly, I expected to see something laudable, ultra-religious, and rather stuffy. Actually One Foot in Heaven is a tremendously dramatic and moving biographical study. Screened with great restraint and authority and acted consummately by Fredric March, Martha Scott, and the other players, it is a fascinating movie as well as a ringing defense of Christian endeavor, humility, and self-sacrifice.

The film is based on Hartzell Spence's novel about his father, William, who heard the call in Canada in 1904 and fought for his spiritual beliefs through one small parsonage after another across the United States. Poverty, the smug hypocrisy of church elders, and the necessity for pulling up stakes just as he established himself in a community are some of the problems he had to face. Thanks to the devotion of a courageous wife and his own unquenchable ideals, he faced them and overcame them. The account of these spiritual and physical struggles makes for a challenging and beautiful motion picture. It belongs in the top rank of screen biography.

It took daring and deep conviction on the part of Warners to even attempt the production, for it is way off the beaten track of movie entertainment. Once entered into, it has had magnificent collaboration. Casey Robinson, who is one of the most eloquent writers in Hollywood, has prepared a brilliant script. Spence is first shown as a medical student with a great career ahead. His fiancée, the daughter of a substantial Canadian business man, sticks by him in his decision to renounce medicine for religion, even though it means journeying to a broken-down parsonage in a small Iowa town. They raise a family, although there are times when the icebox is empty. They stand their ground when wealthy patrons of the church turn against them and even spread a shocking falsehood about their son.

It is these small, terribly important facets of a rich life of service that make One Foot in Heaven the stirring and irresistible offering that it is. A leaking roof is of tremendous significance in the action. The building of a new church creates a powerful climax. A two-dollar fee for a wedding saves the Spences from near starvation. These chapters in what might appear to be an uneventful career have both import and feeling. They have been dramatized so strikingly and with such honesty that the film is certain to keep you spellbound from beginning to end.

It took courage and imagination to make the film. It took immense honesty and artistry to perform it. March, who is usually concerned with swashbuckling costume roles, plays the Methodist minister Spence with deep understanding and power. He gets inside the preacher, revealing that curious combination of spiritual faith and stubborn zeal which makes "practical" religion work. His final scene, when he prepares to leave the scene of his greatest triumph and start all over again in a small parsonage, is so genuinely moving that few spectators will see it dry-eyed.

At the same time, it is Martha Scott's quiet and lovely portrayal of Mrs. Spence which gives the film much of its emotional tension. A fine actress is at her finest here. Among the supporting players are Beulah Bondi, Gene Lockhart, Harry Davenport, and Frankie Thomas. They are all splendid in building a rich human background to the personal biography.

You might have guessed that a veteran director staged One Foot in Heaven, but that's not the case. As a matter of fact, the film's the first big job of Irving Rapper, who has been a dialogue director in the past. He is certainly somebody to count on from now on.

(Warners.)

★★★½ IT STARTED WITH EVE

In case you have been worrying about Deanna Durbin's screen future now that she has grown up and is even married, you don't need to do so. For the precocious youngster who made the difficult transition into adolescence has taken the hurdle into maturity with equal grace and assurance. She has what it takes. Her voice is as captivating as ever in this new assignment. Her acting is utterly delightful.

The story of It Started with Eve is not particularly fresh. It's the old Cinderella yarn with a few ingenious variations. A hat-check girl finds herself hustled off to a palatial mansion, where she has to pretend that she is

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★ ★ ★

A lusty duet when Nelson Eddy joins with the sensational new star Rise Stevens.

Miss Stevens is unquestionably a thrush. Her voice has the liquidity of a babbling brook. Although unlike the famed stream of Tennyson it only goes on to the ultimate convincing note.

★ ★ ★

There has been some curiosity about this new excitement. It is a blending of two famous works.

★ ★ ★

Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman" has been embellished and enriched with the historic score of Oscar Straus' "The Chocolate Soldier".

★ ★ ★

It might well have been called "The Chocolate Guardsman".

★ ★ ★

But be that as it may it will unquestionably be called a great hit.

★ ★ ★

Eddy is in rare form. Director Roy Del Ruth gets a half-Nelson on his audience with a whole Nelson on his screen.

★ ★ ★

This is a film to see and to hear. To see beauty in the unstinted M-G-M manner.

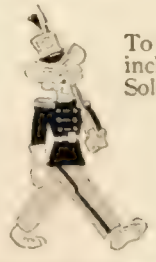
★ ★ ★

And to hear "My Hero", "Sympathy", "The Chocolate Soldier" and other Straus songs of romance, as well as stirring pieces from Wagner, Schubert, Bizet.

★ ★ ★

In the cast also are Nigel Bruce and Florence Bates. Victor Saville's is the producing hand.

★ ★ ★



To be not brief but all-inclusive, "The Chocolate Soldier" has everything from A to...

★ ★ ★

Zip and zest.

—Leo

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Frank I. Danforth
Wauna, Wash.

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But such a man was Leopold Aul, and as explained in his own words: "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?' he asked, 'they did wonders for me.' "

What Is An Internal Bath?

Thereupon Mr. Aul began investigating Internal Baths. He found a bona-fide Internal Bath to be the administration into the lower intestine of pure warm water—Nature's greatest cleansing agent—to which is added J.B.L. Cleansing Powder. Through the use of the J.B.L. Cascade four quarts of the cleansing solution may be sent gently swirling throughout the entire length of the colon. In a short time your impacted colon is thoroughly cleansed of its whole foul mass; the putrefying, delayed waste is loosened and washed away. Often the relief is immense—often a new sense of vigor and well-being sweeps over you.

Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.

Send for This *Free Booklet*

Investigate yourself the merits of Internal Bathing. Simply fill in and mail this coupon and receive, absolutely FREE, your copy of "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This instructive 24-page booklet may open your eyes to many surprising facts about constipation and its many attributed ills; reveals, too, how many thousands of Internal Bathers have gained new health and vigor through this drugless treatment.

the fiancée of a dying tycoon's son. The catch is that the old boy doesn't die. Instead, he bounces back into the land of the living and causes considerable complications for both Cinderella and Prince Charming, before the two young people discover that they love each other and want to live happily ever after.

Miss Durbin may have lost some of the brash, starry-eyed exuberance which marked her earlier successes, but she has not forgotten the essential secrets of make-believe. Whether she is playing romantic hide-and-seek with the hero of the photoplay or getting his piratical old man to give her the big opportunity to follow her career as a singer, she makes the most of every scene. Meanwhile she has considerable acting support. Charles Laughton plays the millionaire with proper comic emphasis; Walter Catlett is fine as a bewildered physician; and Robert Cummings, who has teamed with Miss Durbin before, is right as rain in the Prince Charming role.

The principals deserve great credit for a thoroughly engaging show. But so does Joe Pasternak, the astute producer who has guided Miss Durbin's career so infallibly from child actress to ingénue, incidentally putting Universal on the map as a studio. And Henry Koster, who has staged most of the Durbin specials, has employed his best tricks in her new film to make it a scintillating comedy.

(Universal.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Little Foxes, The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara, Citizen Kane.

★★★½—You'll Never Get Rich, International Lady, Honky Tonk, All That Money Can Buy, Hold Back the Dawn, The Devil and Miss Jones.

★★★—Skylark, Ladies in Retirement, The Feminine Touch, Smilin' Through, International Squadron, Navy Blues, Lydia, Dive Bomber, Nothing but the Truth, Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

THE G-STRING MURDERS, by Gypsy Rose Lee.

This little number probably will draw attention from sheer curiosity generated by an almost unlimited opportunity for publicity gags. It's news of a certain piquancy when the Queen of the Shedding Shebas, known to World's Fair millions and burlesque addicts all over the country, joins the literary ranks with a whodunit that, according to evidence, is her own work. As a mystery it's fair enough; as an excursion into the esoteric backstage life of a burleycue company it is unique. If you ain't too refined, you'll find a lot of laughs. La Lee is no dope. (Simon & Schuster.)

PRO FOOTBALL KNOWS THE ANGLES

Continued from Page 31

dollars, he wondered if the game was worth the struggle. Today the veriest rookie on any big-league club is paid at least $100 a game, and the better ones pull down as much as $12,000 a season. And more important perhaps is the fact that when a player signs a contract he knows he will be paid, even if he should be incapacitated in the line of duty.

Pro football won a lot of admiration and good will when its managers agreed not to meddle with college players until they had been graduated. The lure of the glittering lucre would have caused many a collegian to leave college to go into pro ranks. Today college coaches take pride in seeing their former players make good in postgraduate football.

Those who are concerned about the threat of pro football to the college game are borrowing trouble. There is no conflict. One augments the other, and there is plenty of room for both. The pro owners realize that the friendly spirit which now exists between the National League and the colleges is due to the realization that the postgraduates will never attempt to compete with the collegians. With the exception of a few midweek night games very early in the season, National League contests are played on Sundays. Pro football admits that that is its place and doesn't intend to deviate from it.

Pro football is proud of its record. Obviously it is a money-making proposition, but, as Halas himself says, no one can question the integrity of the players and their management. As he himself expresses it: "If men who have played under fine influence in college, who have been taught the ideals of true sportsmanship, were to enter the National League and become cheaters, then our colleges would be miserable failures, and I don't for an instant believe they are."

Pro fans are as rabid as any college rooter when the team is winning. At Green Bay, Wisconsin, a city of some 45,000 population, more than half the population can be found jammed in the Packers' home field almost any Sunday afternoon they're at home. Curley Lambeau, one of the finest coaches in pro or college ranks, has constructed a veritable football empire, and the fans pay homage to him for his skill and genius.

Like Halas' Bears, the Packers have won their share of national championships. The former have won the league crown four times, while Green Bay has taken the honors five times. Both teams have always been veritable powerhouses, but their daring plays and aerial pyrotechnics have made them leaders in the league even when they were not at the top of the pile.

THE END

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LIBERTY MAGAZINE

The American Way of Life

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 24

1—George Eliot.
2—By tradition, the President is a civilian and may not wear a uniform of the army or navy.
3—Prince Hamlet, in Shakespeare's Hamlet.
4—The Clermont.
5—The hallmark is a mark placed on silverware, goldwork, and jewelry, signifying that the quality of the object is approved in Goldsmiths' Hall, London. Similar marks have been adopted in America.
6—The Mayflower Compact, drawn up in 1620 by the Pilgrims.
7—It was a statue of the sun god Helios (Apollo).
8—Small planes, so called because they have small gas tanks and can make only short hops.
9—Persons doing piecework at home were given the work in a sack. If the work was satisfactory when brought back, more work was given. Otherwise, the empty sack was placed on the table, indicating discharge.
10—Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin, Little Nell in The Old Curiosity Shop, Little Red Riding Hood, etc.
11—Gold leaf.
12—Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and Guam.
13—The giraffe, because its spots resemble the leopard's, while its habit of not drinking water for long periods reminds one of the camel.
14—There had been an error, and the wrong batter had come to bat according to the line-up order. The error was discovered after the batter had two strikes on him. According to the rules, as the mistake was discovered in time, the proper batter came up, but he had to assume the two strikes of the first batter—thus leaving him only one strike.
15—No. It comes from the Spanish, "Páscua Florida." Feast of Flowers, which comes on Easter Sunday, the day in 1513 on which Ponce de Leon is supposed to have named it.
16—They were running in Illinois for the United States Senate, and in those days state legislatures elected senators. This was the first time senatorial candidates had appealed for public support in the hope that the will of the people would be reflected in the vote of the Legislature.
17—Falls—from buildings, in houses, and on the streets, according to World Almanac figures.
18—Twelve.
19—It is said that an old-time conjurer used the words to try to make it appear he was speaking Latin, and that the words are meaningless. Magicians maintain that the words have a real meaning which they are not at liberty to reveal.
20—The Duke of Kent, youngest brother of King George.

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at Louisville in Kentucky

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Secrets of a

☆ I MAKE $50,000 a year from the American jitters. And that's no figure of speech. I have sat until dawn with "shell-shocked" business men. I have had lonely old people threaten to leave me their fortunes, and reckless widows urge me to marry them. I have run into blackmail and abortion, dopes and dupes, crime and plenty of punishment. Once I was even spotted by machine guns. But every day I have been in the thick of the great American epidemic—high-tension living.

The explanation is simple. I am the hotel doctor in one of the largest and most publicized hotels in a great Eastern city. Anything that can happen, can happen here. For a big hotel, more than anything else, is little America. And today, with a world bent on destruction, with strange new moral values and relentless demands of economic pressure, the streamlined American motto has become "The Lid's Off!"

Every night around five the crowd lines up three deep at our hotel cocktail bar. As the offices and stores close, they pour in—the secretaries, the buyers, the salesmen, the accountants, the schoolteachers on the late shift. One evening I asked a woman designer who lives at the hotel why she always made that her first stop after hours. Incidentally, she was coming to me all too often to get something to make her sleep. Her answer gave a quick history of our times: "We don't know what's going to happen to us, doctor. We're not sure of anything. I guess we've all got the jitters."

She was right. What people want today is whatever it takes to give a knockout blow to worry.

There have always been wastrels to take advantage of a hotel's anonymity. But the caliber of people who kick over the traces today is something new. One night I was summoned to one of our finest suites. There on the bed lay a man with a beard. "Get me sober," he muttered thickly. Then, in answer to my quick glance at small oddments around the room, "It's all right. She's gone."

This was no ordinary spree. This man had drunk himself exhilarated, then numb, and finally sodden, and it had taken him days to do it. And a woman to help him all the way.

His co-operation with my messy task was almost professional. He had been through this before. Sobered and himself again, he told me his real name—not the one on the register but the one by which he was known all over the country as the cool, decisive head of a great corporation.

He offered no apology. "For the past several years the strain of my business has been so terrific that I simply couldn't take it if I didn't do this every so often. I've got to get away from it and absolutely let go. Otherwise my associates in business couldn't stand me, and neither could my family."

Periodic escape, that strange new offshoot of the genus jitters. What a roll call it would be if I began to detail all the cases I have handled!

One night I was returning to the hotel from a late party when I noticed an altercation outside the entrance. Then the girl stepped forward and struck the taxi driver square in the face. He flung out his arm in self-defense and she caught it in the eye. I drew her away and said, "Drive on, buddy," which he did. Then the girl said quietly, "Better look at this eye, doctor." And to my surprise she kept pace with me right up the steps of the hotel into the elevator—loose sweater, flapping pajamas, no stockings and no hat.

Later I learned she was the daughter of a famous financier, the ex-wife of a prince, and a person in her own right already contributing to the magazines. Ordinarily she was a gracious young lady, smartly clad, fastidious, and reserved.

From what was she escaping? Said fast, she was a debutante who couldn't swing it. Too studious, too self-conscious, she had stuck it out for a while. Then, in desperation, she had married a hard-up prince. The inevitable fiasco which followed—divorce, most of her money gone, plenty of gossip—caused complete disillusionment to this high-minded sensitive girl. In today's here-goes-nothing attitude, whenever the futility of her life got too much for her, she made an escape in some such way as this.

A partner in a brokerage firm found his release in a different way. Just after a bad market break on one of the many war-panic days I was called to his room one night. A bellboy, hovering near the door, said he had been ordering tray after tray of empty glasses. How he used them was instantly apparent when I opened the door—broken glass everywhere, and three empty trays on the floor and one near his chair still holding three glasses. He was nursing a badly cut finger. "Little target practice," he said. "I had a little accident."

Nuts, you diagnose? All of them cases for a keeper? I'm afraid not, unless all America needs a keeper. But unquestionably something is wrong. The *basic insecurity* in our world today is the fundamental cause.

Illness is no respecter of places. You can come down with acute appendicitis or pneumonia, have a baby arrive prematurely, in a hotel as readily as at home. But the hotel doctor gets a lot of calls that would seldom come to the family doctor. One of these came to me from a highly respected educator, superintendent of schools in a large Southern city.

"Just give me something for my nerves, doctor," he said, "and sit with me for a while." In the end I stayed up with him all night. He was afraid to be left alone.

A high-tension summer vacation had been his undoing. Somehow he had gotten in with a foursome which had finally resolved itself into a twosome. And now, just a few hours before, the young woman in the case had come to him highly distraught over her physical condition. She had talked wildly of suicide, and had left him nearly as frantic as herself.

He could see the girl in the river. He could see his name in the headlines, his career and home wrecked.

The girl? A young swing widow with too much time on her hands. She had started playing the races, used up all the house money, and got herself in a terrific financial jam. The friendship with the school superintendent, which had started as a lark, had suddenly seemed to offer the one desperate out. And fate had played into her hands. She was indeed going to have a baby—but it was her husband's.

I wrote the end to that story myself. I let the scared and relieved professor pay me the thumping fee he insisted upon, with the full knowledge that I was going to use the major part of it for the girl. The money was turned over to her on condition that she bring the receipted bills right back to me. It was a chastened young person who went back to her husband with a lesson learned, I hope, for life.

A famous movie star told the newspapers that her five-year-old daughter had been stricken with appendicitis. She was furious at me—and for life!—when I diagnosed it as simple indigestion due to a gorge of chocolate éclairs. A man, modestly circumstanced but married to great wealth, hinted at my doubling the bill and returning the surplus to him. He needed ready cash and his wife was not generous.

You may not think of the great hotel as a hide-away for a girl who

On the floor lay a girl in her early twenties, shot through the thigh.

Hotel Doctor

A chronicle of jitters—and escape. Do we Americans need its warning?

AS TOLD TO MARGARET LUKES WISE AND CLARA BELLE THOMPSON

has just suffered a criminal abortion. But I, like most of my confreres, have had to face that situation. And it is a grim one. The girl always has the abortion performed away from the hotel, sometimes in another part of the city, often in a different town. Then she registers at the hotel, gets to her room, and summons the hotel doctor. Probably her name and address are both fictitious. As a hotel guest, she is safe from the questions that a hospital would ask. As a patient, she must be protected as far as the doctor may. So he treads a thin line, caring for the girl's good name, the hotel's and his own. For if she dies, he has on his hands a criminal abortion death.

One day I was called to the rooms of a girl and her brother, registered from a state two thousand miles away. The young man had telephoned me because his sister seemed to have a fever. Naturally, I asked him to step outside while I made the examination. She was so refined and cultured that I hesitated to state the very apparent diagnosis. But she helped me quickly. Yes, she said, she had had an abortion performed in Denver. I had to tell the brother that she was already going into septicemia. On the slim chance, she was taken at once to the hospital. But she died that night.

"I don't see how I can write the family back home," said her heartbroken brother.

Of course he did not write the facts. But he had to write, and whatever he wrote was the saddest letter that mother and father ever received.

In this speed-up life of ours, young mothers often do not step quick enough to get to the hospital in time to have their babies. Any number of little Annes and Sallys, Bobbys and Jims would have to call this hotel "the house where I was born." One of my hotel-room babies nearly wrecked the reputation of his famous movie-star mother. She had registered incognito at the hotel, eschewing hospitals for a very good reason. Already well publicized by three weddings, she had celebrated a fourth before her California divorce was final. But the stork had refused to co-operate. So the hotel birth seemed ideal. Big suite, trained nurses, unlimited hot water, loads of linen, and food de luxe, and *no records*.

The plan went well—until it became apparent that a Caesarian would be required. Only then did she tell who she was. She became seized with fear that she might die and the identity of her child be unknown.

People who would have been aghast at such conduct twenty years ago are now registering at hotels as man and wife. And the more easily

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the hotel, the better the chance that no questions will be asked and that the legal relationship will be taken for granted. The feeling of the principals is that it's nobody's business but their own. A plausible theory. But it doesn't stand up.

One of the most tragic heart-failure cases I ever attended followed one of those big conventions where business is interspersed with hilarity and there are all kinds of parties in all kinds of rooms. Ironically enough, perhaps for the first time in his life this middle-aged executive attending this convention alone had decided to step out. He wound up with a weekend with the wife of one of his business associates. When he died suddenly of a heart attack, out came the whole story. It was left for the weekend wife to face the real wife and to turn over to her the body of her husband. And two families are carrying for life the unhappy aftereffects of one broad-minded Saturday and Sunday.

Of less tragic proportions, but no less showing the wide breach between precept and practice, was a case I attended one evening. A man had made the call. The woman was lying down, having a nervous chill that shook the bed. But I had no need to question her, for at once the man took me aside and explained:

"She's upset because she had a sort of shock. She just saw her husband downstairs registering with some other woman."

A bromide saw her through.

The roof garden of the hotel is a focal point of the smart city night life. One night I was dining there. Music from a big-name orchestra. Food by a famous chef. The diners and dancers a glittering galaxy of who's who.

A streamlined beginning to a jungle ending.

Just as I became aware of a commotion in the hall, the captain touched my shoulder. I hurried out. People were milling around and there was a trail of blood from the elevator to the ladies' lounge. I heard cries of "She's shot!" "She'll bleed to death!" "Get a doctor!"

On the floor lay an apparently well bred girl in her early twenties, shot through the thigh and bleeding badly. I had heard no shot. She must have run that way from the elevator. She was not mortally wounded. What I needed to do was to give first aid and move her to the hospital as quietly as possible.

My car was downstairs. So I commandeered a couple of bellboys and a service elevator, with the feeling that I had things well in hand.

The way the situation shaped up was almost ludicrous, although there was no humor about the facts. Here we were stealing out by the side entrance, and there in the narrow street confronting us were three ambulances and a patrol wagon just clanging in,

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Listeners in and around New York City are cordially invited to tune in on Mr. Oursler's program!

and policemen everywhere. A police captain was on the steps.

"For heaven's sake, send this equipment back!" I said. "There's no need for this notoriety. The girl's not fatally hurt. She's all right."

"She is, is she?" He laughed grimly. "Well, those two upstairs aren't. They're dead."

The details were a tragic story of three lives wrecked. You could almost pick out the preliminaries. Girl restive under home ties. A quick marriage. No roots. Extramarital friendships. And then that age-old elemental force, jealousy, taking the helm.

The facts were simple. A boy and a girl had registered at the hotel a few hours before. The young husband had learned of it and managed to hide in the room. One murder, one suicide, and one injured was the way the story ended.

On march the jitters.

What are we going to do about it? Is there any cure?

Yes, there is a cure and it is just as deep-seated as the cause. Security can replace insecurity only by a very real and deep belief in something. It can be God or country, a moral code or personal integrity.

As a scientist, I realize that many things cannot be proved. But this one thing has been: A belief to tie to is the greatest stabilizer for living.

THE END

NO! NO!

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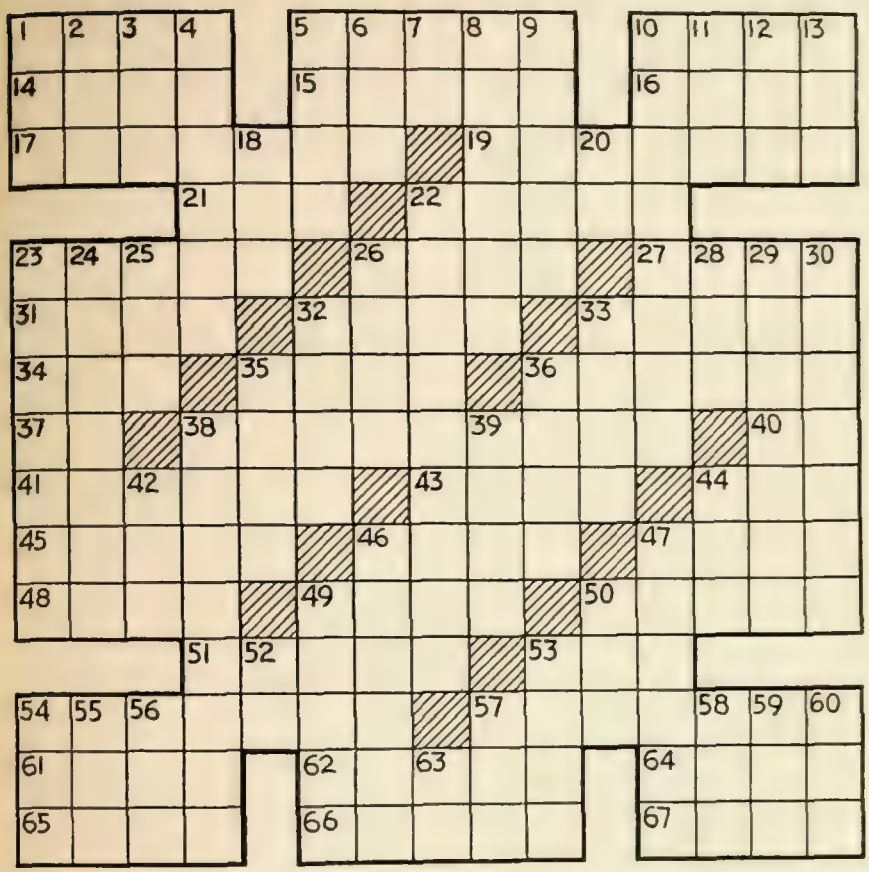
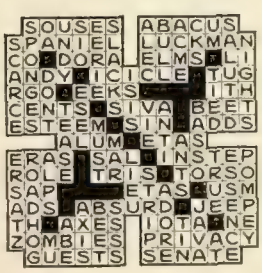
CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 At the summit
5 Faulty
10 Declare
14 Loud noise
15 Military student
16 Part of a church
17 Went by automobile
19 Charged against
21 Conveyance
22 City in Massachusetts
23 Flight
26 Performed
27 Interjection
31 In the middle
32 Precious stone (pl.)
33 Make amends for
34 Brief sleep
35 Citrus fruit
36 Medicine inducing nausea
37 Article
38 Seclusion (pl.)
40 Greek letter
41 Sulphide of lead
43 Persia
44 Ban
45 Public storehouse
46 Eastern prince
47 Rod
48 Bristle
49 Portent
50 Group; division
51 Grates
53 Part of foot
54 Pungent sauce
57 Place of entertainment
61 Correct



Last week's answer

62 Pertaining to one of the continents
64 Wise man
65 To be excessively fond of
66 Snug retreat (pl.)
67 Kind of collar

VERTICAL

1 Part of body
2 Also
3 Seed of cereal grass
4 Investigated
5 Playing card (pl.)
6 Insane
7 Small fish
8 A certain type of automobile (pl.)
9 Greek tombstone
10 Enlivens
11 Large container for liquids
12 Night preceding
13 Color
18 To be sorry
20 Exist
22 Occasionally
23 Supervises
24 Come forth
25 Edge of a vessel
26 Prefix: half
28 Plot
29 Brute (pl.)
30 Fastens
32 River in New Mexico
33 So be it
35 Apart from other things
36 Cheese
38 Divide
39 Monitor lizard
42 Distance in degrees from the equator (abbr.)
44 Constrictor
46 To take undue advantage of
47 Gratify
49 Member of ancient Italian tribe
50 Strong, thickset horse
52 Like
53 Browns
54 To put a serrated edge on
55 Commotion
56 Small piece
57 Domestic animal
58 Rodent
59 Personality
60 Number
63 Part of to be

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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Shakespeare, BAH

Is the theater getting too refined? Here is a memory-stirring lament for days that are gone. Remember?

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHA

☆ ONE of the deathless attributes of the theater is its appeal to the everlasting kid that persists in all men, be they otherwise however aflow with whiskers, of a mentality that staggers their wives, and given to the wearing of Prince Alberts even at breakfast. It isn't the theater's great drama, fine acting, or any such loftier dispensations that exercise that appeal, logically enough. They figure in another and quite different direction. It is, rather, the theater's innocent kindergarten antics, all of them dear to the memory of even the most lordly stuffed-shirt and all of them, to any man loved and respected by his children, pretty darned wonderful.

Let half a dozen men gather over the beer glasses and, provided they are of the average honesty, honor, and alcoholic capacity, what, when the theater comes up for discussion, will you find them talking about? Not, surely, the greatest Hamlet they ever saw, or the influence of Strindberg on the modern drama, or the relative merits of Sophocles' two versions of Oedipus. Far from it, however violative it may be of what, if they are professional critics, they subsequently write they talked about, or, if they are lay theatergoers, of what in turn they posture to their wives, fathers-in-law, and best girls they talked about.

The conversation at such times and on such occasions gets no nearer to Shakespeare or Salvini than Shakespeare and Salvini get to Harry Clay Blaney and Bert Lahr. With the first beer, it gets going on that grand scene in the old melodrama called The Span of Life when three wandering acrobats, by a glorious coincidence happening by just as the heroine was about to be grabbed at the edge of a deep canyon by the lascivious villain, jumped on one another's shoulders, threw themselves across the canyon, and made a human bridge over which the heroine escaped the scoundrel's clutches.

That the scoundrel didn't think to follow her right across the bridge seemingly didn't occur to the author, but no matter. Was it exciting? It was sure exciting.

With the second beer, for even beer works quickly under such gala circumstances, the boys get all stirred up over the great scene in the old melodrama, The Soudan, in which eighteen locally hired supers in the resplendent uniforms of British soldiers marched around the backdrop and out onto the stage again for a full twenty minutes, giving the appearance of at least half a dozen whole regiments. And the marvelous scene in the melodrama, The Cherry-Pickers, when the villain slowly revolved a big brass cannon, aimed it at the hero who was bound against the wall, got ready to fire it and blow him to kingdom come—to the terrible suspensive agony of one's nervous system—and was interrupted in the nick of time by the entrance of heroes Nos. 2, 3, and 4. And, surely, the never-to-be-forgotten scene in that other old melodrama, The Fatal Card, in which a time bomb slowly and loudly clicked off the moment of death for all the characters you had grown to love, and in which, at the very second you were about to go stark mad, it was seized up by a sudden arrival on the scene and projected through the window, thereupon exploding backstage with enough racket to drown out even a Benny Goodman swing band. Why the explosion didn't kill every one anyway, no one ever bothered to consider. It was all too grand for any such petty quibbling.

Then there are the wonderful stage effects and bits of stage business. Sophocles, Shakespeare, Strindberg, Salvini, and all the other august S's, bah! In fact, with the third beer, double bah. Who that ever heard it could possibly forget the sound effect of a railroad train that William Gillette devised for his play Clarice, so realistic that, as you heard the train pass by, you almost got cinders from the locomotive in your eye? And say, boys, what about the lighted cigar butt in Sherlock Holmes that let Sherlock escape the clutches of Moriarty's foul gang? It's old-hat now, but when you saw it for the first time did it pop your weasel! And what about that trick business in the Hanlon Brothers' Superba, when the hero who had been cut to pieces by the minions of the devil was placed piece by piece in an upright cabinet and made whole again by the good fairy? And let's not overlook the remarkable forest scene in The Magic Doll in which, while little Franz Ebert wandered lost through it, the trees slowly parted on both sides, giving the impression that the forest was of an almost impenetrable depth.

The fourth lager brings with it fond and amused recollections of the mirror scene in My Friend from India when, some one having removed the long mirror from its frame and it being necessary to make the comedian believe it was still there, another comique made up exactly like the first comedian stood inside the empty frame and substituted for his gesticulating reflection. And the episode in The County Fair when Neil Burgess, in women's clothes as usual, stood in a small barn door plastered with the poster o. . Hussy in strip tights and —opening the upper part of the door to peer out—caused the lower portion of the door to give his legs the grotesque aspect of being in the tights. How we howled! Three other boys and myself, I recall, were informed by the usher that if we didn't restrain our somewhat too excessive mirth he'd kick us plumb out of the peanut gallery and right down the fire escape.

Thus far this season there have been, I fear, no such memorabilia, no such promises of rosemary. But as long as the beer holds out we can think back to the glories of yesterday and hope that before the present theatrical year is over things will be duly and honorably corrected.

Who, thus thinking back, doesn't remember the big climax to that act in William Gillette's great Civil War melodrama, Secret Service, wherein Gillette, a Northern officer operating in Richmond as a spy, found himself face to face with his own brother, in the South's eyes an enemy soldier, and, to conceal the true nature of his own position, whipped out his pistol and shot him, thereupon casually observing to the Confederate officer, "There's your man; look out for him"? Or, yet again, the wondrous Langdon McCormick-Lincoln J. Carter melodramatic scenic effects of an automobile racing against an express train in Bedford's Hope; a train racing through a forest fire in The Ninety and Nine; and the exciting shipwreck in that other blood-and-thunder mel-

ILLUSTRATOR NORMAN ROBARD

ler called, relevantly enough, The Shipwreck? Or, yet still again, who, even though without a taste for beer, can fail to sigh fondly over the grand old entrances of the grand old musical comedy comedians?

Close your eyes, teetotalers, and I'll recreate the pictures for you. There was, for instance, Frank Daniels, who made his first entrance in The Idol's Eye swinging on a rope dangling from a balloon. There was, for another instance, Francis Wilson, who, elegantly entering a magnificent room in Erminie, fell down a highly polished flight of steps and landed humiliatingly on his nether-cheeks. There was, also, Jerome Sykes, who, in The Billionaire, was heralded by the large chorus for ten minutes as coming from one direction and who then ludicrously came on from the opposite side of the stage. There were, further, the comical Rogers Brothers, who, in one of their shows, announced their imminent appearance with a din of automobile horn tooting and then emerged in a wheelbarrow. And there was Thomas Q. Seabrooke, who on one occasion made his initial bow rolling himself out of a huge coil of carpet; and dear old Pete Dailey, who came on with a Welcome sign attached to his posterior; and Eddie Foy, who once showed up frantically rowing a small boat that remained glued to the wooden floor; and—but why torture you with what, if you missed, you can nevermore delight in?

That the theater has improved in many directions, and improved enormously, no one can deny. But one sheds a tear, nevertheless, for the disappearance from it—one prays but temporarily—of all the rare kid treats such as these. Gone, alas, at least for the nonce, are the endless white scrim curtains that, slowly lifting seriatim, ultimately disclosed the beautiful heaven where fairies dwell. Gone, for the unhappy time being and to make way for plays about scrapping married couples and the machinations of the Nazis, are the wild ocean waves of blue canvas manipulated from underneath by five or six Irish stagehands. And gone, too, are the little illuminated trains moving through the night on the backdrop; and the tiny carriage drawn by horses discerned far off down the backdrop's winding road and presently emerging life-size on the stage, as in Dr. Syntax; and the cannon-bristling decks of battleships, as in Sealed Orders; and the bumboats floating about in real water, as in the Hippodrome's Pinafore.

And what have we got in return? You have heard the old Hollywood story of the writer who despairingly asked himself the same question after slaving in the movie studios for some years and wistfully replied to himself: "Nothing but a fortune." In the same way, we may reply: "Nothing but a whole lot of very fine plays."

Nonetheless and notwithstanding, it isn't the fine plays, as was pointed out at the beginning, that we are speaking of. For, as was also pointed out, there is another side to the theater that paradoxically persists with a stubborn fragrance in the memory. And that theater, as was further pointed out, is the kid theater of Hawkshaw, Jack Dalton, and Raffles, of Little Eva on her way to heaven and the Mephistopheles of Lew Morrison on his way to hell, of Jekylls turning hideously into Hydes and poor ragged Cinderellas turning beautifully into dazzling princesses, of papier-mâché palaces and magical wands and golden moons as big as Maxie Rosenbloom's—nay, Bull Montana's—rear, of treadmill horse races, attacks on the stockade by ferocious Indians, timely arrivals of the Marines, and comedians walloping each other with slapsticks containing torpedoes.

Maybe our theater is becoming too refined and altogether too good. At least for those who are given to meditating it over the beer table. Maybe what it needs, not for critics but for the general happy-go-lucky public, is more big scenes like the one in Mazeppa with the heroine strapped to a wild horse and, half nude, sent dashing across the hills. Or more big climaxes like the one in Shenandoah, with General Sheridan riding from twenty miles away to the thrilling rescue of the Federal Army. Or more comedians like Walter Jones, who could drop a lighted cigar butt down the neck of his tattered tramp costume and make it, after several minutes of droll wriggling, come out of a hole in the seat of his pants.

THE END

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

☆ THE morale here is probably no worse and no better than in any other part of the Army.

At least 90 per cent of us feel that if we are not at war we should be allowed to return home at the end of our year. If Hitler can't get organized to invade the British Isles, how, in heaven's name, can he get organized to invade the United States? Washington says they have no A. E. F. in mind. Then why are we being held beyond our year? Millions of other men could be receiving military training while we are on reserve, subject to call in case of attack. We are as patriotic as any other group in the Army or, indeed, the country; but, from what we've been told and what we know right now, we can be interested only in our homes and our jobs.

Selectees of the 2d Armd. Div.,
Fort Benning, Ga.

I gather that you want out. Well, did you hear Secretary of War Stimson's radio address to the soldiers of the Army of the United States on August 15? Let me quote a few isolated sentences. "Our own hemisphere . . . is an inevitable ultimate target for these marauder nations. The most dangerous avenue of attack against us lies in the south, where are situated the friendly but almost unarmed nations of Central and South America. We have been simply seeking to make secure our own country and to protect it from a danger that is so real and rapidly growing that a government which did not take such steps would have been faithless to its trust. A successful invasion of the British Isles . . . would leave us . . . with a danger which even our isolationists would recognize as the danger of invasion."

I haven't been in the Army long, but I know all the grades of noncoms and commissioned officers except one: what is a warrant officer?

Pvt. P. H. D., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

A warrant officer holds a grade below the lowest commissioned officer (second lieutenant) but above the highest noncom (master sergeant). He is a top-ranking vocational specialist or highly trained technician. Recent legislation increased the number of warrant officers and created the grade of chief warrant officer.

Ever been faced with a situation like this, Sarge? Movies canceled . . . defective speaker. PX closed . . . for inventory (but out of beer anyway). Library closed . . . night. P. O. closed . . . out of stamps. No liberty . . . this is Midway Island, y'know. Bunkie has the guard . . . no shooting the breeze. What would you do? Yea, I'm going to bunk. Ho-hum . . . that's life on a tropical isle.

P.S. I'm broke, too.

Pfc. C. W. Y., U. S. M. C.,
Midway Isles, Pacific Ocean.

So you wrote to me! Reminds me of a Will Rogers gem: "I write to you because I have nothing else to do. I close because I have nothing else to say." Yours is the first letter from Midway, but not the last, I hope.

The other night a couple of buddies and myself were arguing as to whether it is possible for an enlisted man, in either the Army or Navy, to be released from the oath and contract he signed when he joined our armed forces and then transfer to either the Canadian or British forces. I say he can't, and they say he can by purchasing his discharge. Could you please straighten us out on this?

H. C. B., Seaman 2/c,
Naval Air Station,
Anacostia, D. C.

Collect your bets, sailor—you win. *If* a man could purchase his discharge your buddies would be right about his ability to join up with the Canadians or British. *But* "buying out" has been suspended by the Army and hasn't been done recently in the Navy.

There are many boys in civilian life who fear the loss of their religious liberties when they go into the Army. My own experience has shown that the Army in no way interferes with a man's religious life; rather, his beliefs are encouraged. In proof, I offer this photograph of myself saying my morning prayers in my usual everyday manner.

Pvt. A. C. L., Fort Flagler, Wash.

I wish I had space to reproduce your picture, soldier; it's fine. But just your letter alone says what a lot of boys and their parents have been waiting to hear. My personal experience bears out your contention.

THE GRUMBLING SOLDIER

There was a grumbling soldier
  Who growled the whole year long.
What wasn't was the "ought to be,"
  What was was always wrong.
He didn't like his station, and he made it plain to see
That anywhere he wasn't was the place he'd rather be.

He didn't like his general;
  He cursed his captain, too.
He saw no rhyme or reason
  In the chores they made him do.
He wished they would transfer him to some post across the sea,
For wherever he wasn't was the place he'd like to be.

They sent him o'er the ocean
  With his rifle and his pack;
But no sooner had he landed
  Than he wished that he were back.
He couldn't stand the tropics with the hot sun blazing down—
The place to be a soldier was some good old Yankee town.

At last death's final transfer
  Moved him on to realms afar.
He drew a post in heaven,
  Where the perfect quarters are.
But hardly was he seated when he passed around the word:
If St. Peter could arrange it, he would like to be transferred.

124th Cavalry News,
Fort Bliss, Tex.

"Darn these wives who bring their babies on visiting day and ask me to warm the bottles!"

BLOOD OF THE DRAGON

Continued from Page 21

Truculently they stared at each other. Then Simpson tapped Macdonnell on the chest. There were instructions he had to give him. But the light was too bad—he could not signal as he had from Li Su-Chang's window; he would have to use a different method.

The message that he tapped with his fingers was urgent: "Go to the Chinese girl. Tell her I will come to her flat late tonight—three, four in the morning. She must surely listen to me—question of life and death not only for her and me but for the U. S. A. and China. Clear?"

"Sure!" mumbled Macdonnell.

And they went on talking, as if they were not carrying on two conversations at once, one secret, the other a blind.

"I don't want to slap you down," Simpson was saying slowly—"not here, in front of the night court. But any time you feel like continuing our argument—if you know what I mean—all you got to do is call on me."

"Oh yeah?" sneered Macdonnell. "Call on you where? The Waldorf or the third bench in Central Park?"

"That's right. I got no home to go to. Rub it in, punk! But you'll find me in the lobby of Mike Hannigan's joint, down the Bowery. Mike knows me."

"He won't know you after I get through mussin' up your map."

☆ "YOU and who else? Yes"—significantly—"you and who else? Why don't you come—any time? Maybe tonight. Bring your pals along to see the show! Phone 'em—tell 'em it's my treat." He laughed. His thumb indicated Li Su-Chang. "What about this little lady? She watched me wipe the floor with you once. Maybe she'd like to watch me again."

"I believe," Nag Yat interjected, "this has gone far enough."

He turned to Macdonnell. "You're the more reasonable of the two. So won't you . . ."

Macdonnell shrugged his shoulders. Rapidly—by that amazing trick known to all government operatives—his right hand, deep in his pocket, had scribbled a note; as rapidly, as he shook hands with her, he slipped it into Li Su-Chang's palm. Then he went on his way.

Nag Yat ran out to call a cruising taxicab. And Li Su-Chang read the note. Her fingers went up to her mouth; she swiftly swallowed the piece of paper. A second later, the cab stopped and Nag Yat helped her inside.

"Wait just a minute," Nag Yat said, pointing at Simpson, "till I've talked to this man. I'll take you home."

"Don't bother. I'd rather go by myself."

"But . . ."

"Really I would. *Ngo t'au ho wan.*" She spoke in Chinese, explaining she had a bad headache. She hoped, she added, she would see him some other

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time at her apartment. Ah—and she smiled—was there a finer spice than waiting?

"Ch'ang ch'ang!"

"Ch'ang ch'ang!" grumbled Nag Yat.

The taxi jerked into motion. The two men were alone, and—so unreasonably, he thought—Simpson felt a sudden sense of loss. Then he shook his head. Nothing to it, he told himself, tried to tell himself; this girl—why, she meant nothing to him! Merely a matter of business.

He looked at Nag Yat—who looked at him. Again, so strangely, the plans in both men's brains ran parallel. For each meant to use the other in furthering his own intentions. Yet, while Simpson guessed what Nag Yat's intentions were, the latter knew nothing about Simpson's.

"About that job I promised you," began Nag Yat.

"Yes, sir?" replied the detective with cringing eagerness.

"You like—ah—cigarettes? Certain cigarettes?"

"I—oh—at times. You know how it is."

"I know." Nag Yat paused. "You are," he went on with chilly brutal deliberation, "a worthless creature, broken by life. You are vicious. You have a craving for drugs and, doubtless, whisky and women and—ah—all the minor, weak sins." He handed Simpson ten dollars. "You will work for me?"

"I"—smiling obsequiously—"I'll work hard—and honest."

"Hard? Certainly. For I am a hard man. Look here! I smell police about you somehow."

"Police! Me?"

"A man of my color skin learns to feel that way about every stranger in your free United States these days," said Nag Yat bitterly. "Maybe you are innocent—maybe you are not a policeman. Anyway, I suspect you. I will give you a job and keep you under my eye. You will be honest, eh? Nonsense! Not if you can help it. Nor do I mind stealing. A *little* stealing. But—there is the matter of loyalty. I," with a sudden, terrible threat, "have ways of enforcing loyalty. Amusing ways. Amusing, at least, to me. Once"—and Simpson knew that the man was speaking the truth—"I suspected a servant of communicating with my enemies. So I cut off three of his fingers and forced him to eat them. He was thereafter the soul of loyalty." He coughed. "You will come and see me tomorrow at ten."

"Where?"

"Sixth Avenue. The little house next to the Golden Peiping Cabaret."

A moment later Nag Yat hailed another cruising taxicab and drove off. Simpson slipped suddenly into a hallway of a tenement. Not just any hallway, but a marked one—a cryptic mark in chalk on the doorpost—Macdonnell's mark. In less than five minutes Simpson had changed clothes, hair, eyes, and, above all, *characterization;* he had emerged from another doorway, after a hurried trip over the roof, so Nag Yat's agents never knew how he got away. A different man—at least a very different-*looking* man—walked on down the street, entered a Western Union office, and sent a lengthy telegram in code to Washington, D. C. Nag Yat suspected him of being a policeman, did he? Well, the message would fix that!

It was three in the morning when it reached its destination. The addressee jumped out of bed and cursed as he heard the bell. He tore open the envelope, decoded the message, gave a start.

What, he wondered, was Harland Simpson up to now? Sounded haywire. Still, the man knew what he was doing. So he went to the telephone; was connected with Carey Smith of the Amalgamated Press Service.

"That you, Carey? Bill Doherty talking—Bill Doherty of H.L.7."

Carey Smith, too, cursed heartily. "One hell of a time to get a fellow out of bed!"

"Pipe down! I got some news."

"Did Hitler marry Fanny Brice?"

"This isn't a joking matter, old man. It's about one of my men. He was making ninety miles when it happened."

And the telephone conversation continued.

☆ SIMPSON, in the meantime, had taken a seventy-five-cent room at Mike Hannigan's Bowery hotel. It was not a joint, as he had

Vera Vague, Jerry Colonna and Dorothy Lewis, starring in Republic's "Ice-Capades of 1941"

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told Macdonnell; was, on the contrary, as thoroughly, oppressively respectable as the people who lived there.

They were elderly men whose very cleanliness, in physical matters, seemed to accentuate their spiritual decay. Men, retired from small businesses or on small pensions, with just enough income to pay for cheap lodgings and cheaper food. Men who, thanks to their own weaknesses and lack of initiative, had no past to look back to, no future to look forward to. But men still filled with greed for all things of the flesh they had never had.

Greed—which breeds envy. Envy—which breeds hate. Hate—which made them easy victims for a baker's dozen of false prophets, some in clerical robes and some in lecturers' cutaways, spouting highfalutin, vicious panaceas over the radio and from the platform.

Thus dangerous men, thought Simpson, as he sat down in the lobby, close to two oldsters.

☆ "Fifth columnists my foot!" said one. "It's the Communists who make all the trouble."

"And the Jews."

"And the Catholics."

"And the bankers."

"Hear that broadcast tonight—what Father Murphy said about Germany? He got inside information . . ."

"And no ax to grind."

"No unemployment in Germany, he said; a strong, united nation all pulling together—because they got something to pull *for!*"

"Sure have. Maybe Hitler's right."

Simpson listened. Oh, yes, he thought, they were dangerous, these middle-aged people, left behind by life—they with their puny greed, their mean envy, their hate *and* their gullibility—what a field they offered for propaganda! And the seeds of propaganda were blowing steadily across the Atlantic. They were sown by experts. The same experts who had done their work in Norway, Holland, Belgium, France. Experts in psychological warfare. Experts who poisoned heart and mind—as other experts, here in America, were making ready to poison soul and body.

For that—Simpson was convinced—was the grim, terrible mystery cloaked by the Golden Peiping Cabaret; the poisoning of soul and body. He was sure of it—yet had no idea why he was sure.

"Guess I sort of *smelled* it," he explained later on.

But smelling a thing and finding out were two different things.

He had to do something. Had to make a start somewhere.

And so, an hour later, he climbed the back porch of the house where Li Su-Chang lived. He went there to confront her with the most tragic choice any woman can be offered.

What will Simpson ask of Li Su-Chang? Can he succeed in dodging Nag Yat's spies and in keeping his identity secret? Read next week's chapter. It's crammed with excitement, surprises, and danger!

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arms; she was part of him. He knew it. It was like a shock dividing his mind. One part of his mind was occupied with Lydia, the other with the woman in his arms. . . .

"Caught you!" cried Lydia happily. "I knew it."

The door was open, and she stood there, very unsteady on her feet. Her eyes were swollen, and her mouth. Her hair was disheveled. She wore a wisp of chiffon and lace, and clung to the door, smiling at them. "Think you're so smart," said Lydia. "I heard you in there . . ."

Ron released Jenny, without haste. He went to the door and took Lydia's arm. He said, "You're going back to bed, Lydia."

"I like being up."

He said definitely, "You've been drinking."

"Clever," said Lydia, and made a face at him—a relaxed, sodden face. "Think you're so smart. You're a fool. Jenny's not so dumb, not as dumb as she looks. She's been waiting a long time." Her voice was thick and slurred. "Sure, I've been drinking," she said. "Why not? It's fun. All day long, luncheon and cocktails and dinner and all that. No thank you; I never drink. No, thank you; my darling husband doesn't like women who drink. But he's crazy about women who come creeping into his room and—"

"Be still," said Ron. "Do you hear me?"

"Jenny's been crying," said Lydia, pleased. "About what? Did he tell you he wouldn't ask me for a divorce? Of course he won't, and I wouldn't give it to him. 'Cause why? 'Cause he doesn't want it. I'm Allen's daughter, and I've all the money in the world. Picked him off a plow," said Lydia, "and made him very fashionable . . ." She began to giggle.

Ron picked her up in his arms. She struggled and fought, she bit and scratched. She cried, "You put me down! This is my house."

He carried her across her room and laid her on the bed. "Suppose you go back to sleep," he said.

Lydia laughed heartily, her mood veering. "You should be giving me black coffee, shouldn't you? Or doing something? You know, sober her up. Maybe she'll forget. But I don't forget. I'm an el—el'phant," she said. "That's it, el'phant! Never forgets."

She looked up at him, smiling. "How about a little drink?" she inquired. "I'm not mad. If you want Jenny you can have her. I don't care. Just so long as you leave me alone—leave me alone—leave me alone—"

Her voice trailed off, the words were undistinguishable, and she slept again, heavily, suddenly.

Ron switched out the light and left her there, going back to his room, walking slowly, his shoulders sagging.

Jenny was waiting, standing by the window. She was not crying now. She said, "She won't forget. I'm so sorry, Ron—so terribly sorry—I was such a fool. It was just that I couldn't bear to see her like that, couldn't bear to see you—"

I love you so much, she thought, my darling. I love you utterly. I've denied it all these years. I've fought it and pretended. But it's no use, no use at all.

He said, "Don't worry, Jenny. Tomorrow I'll talk to her. I'll tell her exactly what—"

"She won't believe you."

He said, "I don't suppose that matters much, except on your account. My poor dear," he added, "it all falls on you, doesn't it?"

She said, "I could be gone tomorrow before she wakes."

"Flight isn't the answer, or," he said, "it's the wrong one. The immediate problem is Lydia. How long has this— There are good men. She can be cured. If she wants to be."

"It can't have gone far," cried Jenny in horror. "Perhaps a time or two—"

"You heard her—and she was speaking the truth. Getting through the day somehow. It must have been torture," he said slowly, "watching other people drink, knowing release was within the reach of her hand, waiting until night, and then locking herself in with that stuff as a woman locks herself in with a lover." He shuddered all over his long lean body,

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and was silent. "Go to bed, Jenny," he said dully, "and in the morning—later in the morning—we'll talk."

She stood there, apart from him. She could not touch him nor reach him. She said, "I wish I could help you."

"You have."

"No. I rarely cry, Ron—and when I do, it seems that it is the wrong time."

He said absently, "I've seen you cry before, Jenny."

"When?"

"In Treat's little cottage."

"That was long ago," said Jenny. She went to the door, opened it, and went down the corridor to her own room, the other side of Lydia's. She washed her face and hands in cold water, and brushed her hair back from her temples. They throbbed. She ached all over, as if she had been bruised and beaten. She could not adjust herself to this.

She could not adjust herself to the new picture of Lydia—Lydia, little, delicate, fastidious, immaculate; Lydia, cool and remote and gay. . . . This other Lydia, sodden and silly, her fair hair in disorder, her tinted mask distorted, a brown stain on her chiffon nightgown, her swaying, uncertain step and coarsened, slurred voice. It wasn't Lydia. It couldn't be!

Nor could she adjust herself to the memory of Ron's steady arms and his voice and the feel of his hard shoulder under her cheek.

A woman cries, and a man who is fond of her takes her in his arms for a moment. That was all. Crying, she thought, like a schoolgirl, like a baby, at exactly the wrong time.

☆ SHE sat down in a deep chair by the windows and looked out. There was the sea, gray under a gray sky. She sat there looking out, and the sky was no longer gray, and the sea was golden, the sea was blue. A little breeze came up, and she saw the gulls flying, restless and lovely, and she fancied she could hear their discordant, complaining voices. There was no sound from Lydia's room, no sound from the big hushed house.

Ron isn't sleeping, she thought; he is sitting there as I left him.

She belonged with him, beside him, helping if she could, or if she could not, just sitting there quietly, waiting. But that was insane. He belonged to Lydia . . .

And Lydia to herself . . .

No, no longer to herself, if what Ron thought were true. But it couldn't be true. It was horrible, it was fantastic, incredible!

I could cry now, thought Jenny, for all of us—cry and cry and cry. I'm alone, and it's the right time. But I haven't any tears.

She thought, What's to become of us all?

What is to become of them? Now that Ron knows about his wife's secret drinking, will he turn to Jenny for comfort? Surging emotions sweep over bewildered hearts in next week's dramatic chapter.

Meet Chief Pilot Fulton M. Moore, in charge of flight operations at Parks Air College, East St. Louis, Ill., where hundreds of...

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EXEMPTED—Continued from Page 15

Franc-cine—no, that's not the way she says it—Franc—cine. I'm in love with the flag and the dream. Ma, they need me! The kids in the street need me. The flag on the pole needs me. The democratic way of life needs me. The old girl out in the harbor—ma, let me go! Sylvia—"

The senior doctor made the decision. The mother must be kept out of the room.

On Tuesday, due chiefly to the respiratory complication, it looked as if Fred were not going to make the grade. It was then that the small coterie of doctors decided upon a therapy that had to do with a derivative of the sulfa drugs, and a pair of private nurses, provided out of a hospital fund known as the Sara Gifford Emergency Box, were put on the case.

The mother of Fred took all this quietly enough, winding her handkerchief into a twist and holding her features straight.

"Tell him, if you can, doctor, that his mother is praying for him. Tell him to get well. Tell him, if he will only get well, that things are going to be all right for him. Tell him that, doctor—will you, please?"

He knew then that she must have overheard some of the raving, and placed a kind hand on her shoulder.

"Don't you go getting worrisome ideas into your head, mother. Our job is to get your boy well. What patients say when they are out of their minds doesn't mean a thing. Bear that in mind."

"That's when things they keep boiling inside them often come to the surface, doctor. My sister died that way. Talking family matters—things she had not ought to. Tell my son, doctor, that things are going to be all right if he'll only get well. Tell him I'll be praying—"

The nurse who came on that night could have told you, as she noted on her chart, that there were at least two occasions of receding pulse when it seemed to her that her patient had already gone elsewhere. On the third drop of pulse, she sent for the house doctor, who remained in the room the remainder of the night; a night filled with strange vocal hieroglyphics from the pain-rent lad, who kept up a running fire of calls, pleas, snatches of song, and sobs that seemed wrenched from cisterns of despair:

"I'm in love with the American scene,
I'm in love with its flag and its dream,
I'm in love with them both,
And I pledge them my troth,
—American scene—American dream—"

He was a nice fellow, poor kid. Even in his delirium, while he plunged away from her hypodermic needle until she thought she must go mad, her heart went out to this boy with the long planes of face, the light hair, and big square hands.

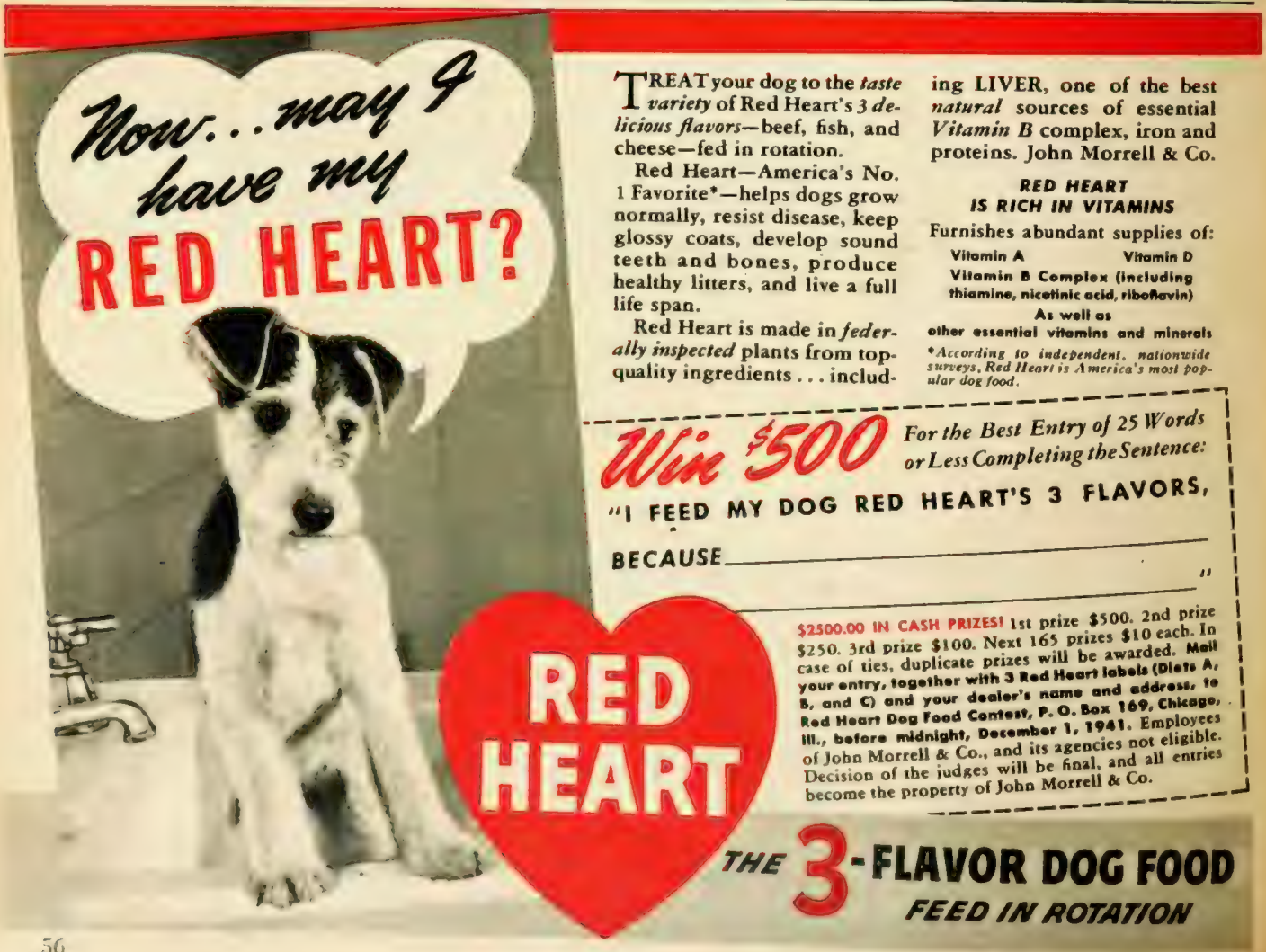
And that pitiable twist of a mother outside the door! The nurse was new at her profession and these things went down into her more deeply than they probably would later, which would have to be the case if she was to endure in her chosen work.

Whenever Fred's mother looked into the quiet face of her boy's night nurse she felt a little better. To be sure, half of Miss Penny's face was rigidly quiet because of a mastoid operation. This was not immediately apparent to the observer. It was only gradually that you came to know something was unduly static about the left side of that face.

In any event, the placidity of it spelled comfort to the mother of Fred, who clung to Miss Penny and ventured more questions than she would have with even the pitying doctors.

Something concerning this mother must have bitten down as deeply into her patient, Miss Penny came early to realize, as his terrible infection. You could tell it from his talk and talk and talk. And that song. All through the nights that song! When Miss Penny checked with the day nurse, she found it was only at night that their patient worried away at the refrain, "I'm in love with the American scene—dream—Eugene—Francine—"

Poor kid! He was her third patient in the new year. Three was her lucky number. Pull, boy!



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RED HEART

THE 3-FLAVOR DOG FOOD

FEED IN ROTATION

Two days following her advent, the respiratory complication, even though the temperature raged on, improved. But the consideration now became one which struck still deeper chill into the heart of Fred's mother. Amputation.

"Don't let them cut off my boy's leg, Miss Penny! Fred has been crippled enough with his responsibilities. Pray with me a minute, Miss Penny, can you? Here in this corner, just a little. If prayer isn't your way of finding God, pray with me anyway, just to humor an old lady."

Her hands filled with the paraphernalia of the sickroom, Miss Penny stood quite simply beside the little Mrs. Butterick, her eyes closed and her heart wide in an appeal for Fred.

"Make that nice boy whole again," she said deeply within herself, "for his mother's sake, and for his sake, and for the sake of the world that needs nice clean boys. Amen."

"I feel better now," said the mother of Fred, opening her eyes. "I'll take a walk now, as far as the lib'ary, for a breath of air." She pronounced library like that, without the *r*. "Yes, I feel a lot better now."

And well she might have; because three days later the swelling that had made Fred's leg the size of a red bolster began to go down, and the sustained periods of delirium to subside, as the fever began slow retreat. Still it was a fight.

"I'm in love with the American scene—the American dream—Francine—" Over and over again.

In her own somewhat husky voice, Fred's night nurse sometimes sang it with him, for the sedative effect of the repetitive monotony:

"I'm in love with the American scene,
I'm in love with a boy named Eugene."

☆ ONE midnight, after he had gone from a delirium into a half doze, he opened his eyes suddenly and looked at her with a boring intensity.

"Sing that over again."

"I'm in love with the American scene—"

"Go on."

"I'm in love with a boy named Eugene. I—"

"There! Sing it again."

"—a boy named Eugene?"

"Look the other way."

"Why?"

"Now say it again. The name of the fellow."

"A boy named Eugene."

"Now say the girl's name."

"Francine."

"I know you!"

"Sh-h. Of course you do. I'm your nurse."

"You're Sylvia! You say 'Yew-gene' and 'Fr-rancine' the way nobody but Sylvia says it."

She sat very still.

"Didn't know I knew, did you? It all came piece by piece. Some day I'll tell you how!" He reached out his burningly hot hand and placed it over her rigid one.

"You're Sylvia! Say it again—'I'm

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

HOWE MEMORIAL TROPHY. Few figure skaters in the country today can hope to win the cup shown at the right. It is emblematic of the U. S. Senior Pair Championship—awarded each year to the top pair in national competitions held by the U. S. Figure Skating Association. To merit the custody of the Howe Trophy for a year and to receive their own replicas of it, skating partners must be outstanding in the grace and skill the sport requires—they must be *better* than good!

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in love with a boy named Yew-gene.' "

"Eu-gene—"

"It's my middle name. Did you know that? Fred Eugene Butterick. That's me. Now sing!"

"I'm in love with a boy named Eugene—
I'm in love with the American dream—"

He went off to sleep then and did not stir for an hour. Seated beside his bed, regarding his face as fever worried away at it, neither did she.

☆ IT began to seem to Fred that he was on a train racing from landscape into tunnel, out again and into tunnel, out again, in again. The fever did that to a fellow. Lucid to loony, he used to say of himself when the brain cleared and his body suddenly felt long and quiet and cool.

Say, she was nice all right, even when a fellow got clear in his head. Funny thing about that stock-still look to the left side of her face. She was pretty even that way. No raving beauty, mind you, but pretty in a pleasant nut-brown fashion. Tan skin and short brown curls that gave to her head, in its starched peak of a cap, the effect of an upside-down chocolate ice-cream cone. Nice girl, when she wasn't shut up in that blamed disk of a record. Sylvia lived there. Oh, Lord, there he went again, loony as a loon! It took a fellow quite a while, in the blessed periods when he wasn't crazy with the fever, to figure out that half of Miss Penny's face was animated and the other half quiet as the grave.

The quiet half reminded Fred of the numbness that had overtaken him those months preceding his accident. The surface of him had been exposed to everyday things, and yet, somehow, sensitivity had gone. Miss Penny's face was like that. The features were even and right, the eyes in alignment, yet half of that face seeemed as entombed as his own heart. Funny thoughts a fellow had when he was on the weak side, to say nothing of the conviction that here was Sylvia.

"What do you suppose makes Miss Penny's face like that, ma?" he asked one day, during a protractedly lucid interval in the beginning of his recovery.

"Might have been mastoid, same as your Aunt Kate had. Lucky that Miss Penny got off so easy. It makes her look kind of fascinating, don't it? I never could abide what it did to your Aunt Kate's expression—made her look like she was smelling something bad. But maybe it seemed that way because she was a relation. What a God's gift of a girl that Miss Penny must be to her mother!"

"She hasn't any. Calls herself 'Orphan Annie.' That's her name. Ann Penny. And, ma, I know a coincidence, ma. It's the most wonderful coincidence that has ever happened in any fellow's life."

"I hate quincidences," she snapped briskly. "You can't ever learn anything from a quincidence, because they're supposed never to happen again." She pronounced it like that: "quincidence."

Then suddenly he laughed.

"Be sure, ma, that you don't let Penny get away after I get well. She can't, anyhow. I've got her shut up in a phonograph record. Tight. She's transcribed. She can't talk or sing unless I play her."

"Stop talking and go to sleep, son. You can't lock anybody up in a phonograph record, especially not nice Miss Penny."

"Don't ever let her go away, ma, or I'll have to lock her there."

But two days later Penny did go away, and without telling Fred goodby.

Guess she didn't even know it herself, Mrs. Butterick kept explaining by way of justification. Doctors are that way, once the fever is gone. And, glory be praised, Fred was out of the woods now.

After this, except for the persistently disturbing fact that, where his day nurse had been profuse with her adieus, Miss Penny had not so much as announced her departure, there began for Fred a pleasant period of convalescence.

You couldn't help but want to prolong these days that were all that lay between you and resuming a humiliation out there in the world which somehow, while you remained safely secluded, had no reality.

No newsstands here, with headlines to remind you—of things. No fellows in khaki. No posters rubbing in the fact that your country needed men!

☆ IT was only when he was back home and removed from the highly special pattern of the hospital routine that reality began to take shape.

Within a week of his return to the office, his foot by now almost ready for a soft shoe, reality came flooding indeed! Its cares, its frustrations, its responsibilities, its additional concerns that had to do with newly acquired debts; a reality packed with the same old pangs plus one new and erratic. Because, make no mistake about it, Fred was in love!

Up to the time of the return home, what with delirium and the distorted design of an almost mortal illness, he had been slow to round up his awareness of this state of his being.

Even at this time, Penny, who had dropped out of his life as precipitately as she had dropped into it, was little more than part of a quickened consciousness when her image moved through his memory; a high leap of the heart at thought or mention of her, a flush, a flash, that half belonged to that strange interlude of illness when his body had seemed to hang suspended before his eyes, and fantasy and fact had chased one another like two tail-chasing mice.

Back there, she—Sylvia—Penny—had been part of a feverish existence keyed to a racing pulse. Now, here, in this realistic and relaxed atmosphere of his home, where, for fear of he knew not what, he had not once tuned in to the Starlight Matinee, Fred was having time to digest the impact made upon his life by a slim quiet girl.

What had been real and what had been fantasy about her? Where did Sylvia leave off and Penny begin? Or had the amazing "quincidence" taken place?

He did not ask his mother to help him clarify any of these questions that throughout the convalescent days surged through his mind. His mother might suspect what he already knew. Fred was in love.

Several nights he not only felt but heard himself talking about all this in his sleep, and in each instance awakened to find his mother mopping his damp face with a towel. Such remnant manifestations of his weakness embarrassed him terribly, and, above all, he disliked the realization that he talked in his sleep—especially if his talk matched his dreams. His mother never let on—what she knew—if she knew—but, hang it, did she know?

☆ PENNY came; and, surprisingly, he wasn't surprised.

One evening, when his mother had gone to do her Saturday-night shopping, Penny walked in without ringing, as though she had known that the door would be unlatched; and immediately the thought moved full-grown into his mind: Ma knows, and went away on purpose.

THE AUTHOR

Fannie Hurst spent the first eighteen years of her life in St. Louis, Missouri. She attended Washington University. Eight years after graduation she had become widely known as a leading writer of fiction. Sixteen years ago she won a $50,000 prize novel contest, sponsored jointly by Liberty and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Her novel, Mannequin, started in the December 5, 1925, Liberty and afterward became a movie.

His limp scarcely perceptible, Fred led her through the precise little parlor into the dining room, which contained his mother's sewing machine and a bowl of nuts and fruit on the table beside a bridge lamp.

"I thought maybe you had gone on another case," he said.

"No, I didn't," she replied, and seated herself a little primly on the chair he indicated beside the lamp.

"Guess I must have tired you out."

"No, you didn't," she said, and laughed a little spot of a laugh. "You're coming along? Bandages off?"

"All but."

"My!"

"My, what?"

"Just 'my,'" she said, and laughed the little spot of a laugh again.

"I never was so glad of anything. I mean that you're here. Have a butternut," he urged, and passed the bowl.

"Why a butternut? Couldn't I have an apple?"

"Sure you can! Guess I'm flustered. How come you came, Penny? Did ma—"

☆ SHE drew a paper from her neat brown glove and smoothed it out. "Look," she said. "Isn't it darling? I was out when she came to see me, and this is what she left."

They read with their heads close together in the circle of the bridge lamp: "Dear Miss Ann Penny, He wants to see you so bad. Please come. The door will be on the latch."

"I did want to see you, Penny. Why did you do that to me—go away without a word?"

"You wanted me to be Sylvia, and I wasn't. It seemed mean to let you find out."

"I was so mixed up—I am yet. You aren't Sylvia, are you?"

"No—but you thought I was, and that seemed to help you. So I didn't tell you then, and afterward I couldn't. But I used to sing until—my trouble."

"Your trouble? You mean—"

She laid a finger against a little key-shaped scar behind her ear.

"The operation did this to my face, and I couldn't sing any more. But when I was well again I wanted to work, so I turned to nursing."

"But you couldn't have been a better singer than you are a nurse. And you're pretty just the same. Ma says it makes you—fascinating."

She kept her head averted. "You don't have to tell me things like that. I'm not Sylvia. I don't have to be treated as if I were a glamour girl. I've been through the fire, just as you have."

"And the way you took my troubles upon yourself—as if you don't own one of your own."

"I—this may seem a funny thing to say, but I used to want to cry with you when you went on so in your delirium over what was troubling you—exemption and all. I used to want to cry with the side of me that can't cry. Just the way you were crying with the part of you that was—numb."

"Funny. I could feel somebody close to me who was the way I was."

"That was me."

They let silences form this way and roll over them.

"I guess you must know all about me, after listening to me rave!"

"I'm mighty sorry. I know how you must feel."

"Darnedest thing, though. I'm no better off than I was before. Worse, with new debts. But—I don't know—maybe it's my strength coming back or—or—well, anyway, I feel more hope in me!"

"Yes, it's your strength coming back," she said, and reached for her neat brown gloves and her neat brown handbag, and rose to her slim height in her dark brown suit, almost, he thought, as though she were a little offended.

"I—I've got to go."

"I don't know much about you and your troubles, Penny. Guess I've been too full of my own."

"Mine are just what I've told you. The operation—my face—my voice. All over now, though. At first I thought I would never survive the despair. But that's all over now, too. I'm in service, if you know what I mean. It's a wonderful feeling to be in service."

Did he know what she meant!

"I've let you down, boy, on this Sylvia business, haven't I? You believed it so during all those nights in the hospital."

"What do you mean, let me down? You would have been the long arm then of what ma calls 'quincidence,' and, as she says, 'quincidences' are never supposed to happen again. I like to think of you happening again and again to me, Penny, every single day of my life."

"It was a lovely thing to say."

"Ma pronounces three words wrong," he said, a sudden state of confusion seeming to lather him. "She says 'li-b'ary' and 'chimley' and 'quincidence.'"

"She's sweet and—darling."

"So are you."

"You mean that?"

"Yes—no—I mean yes. I mean, I can't talk to you this way. I'm not in a position to."

"I'm going to tell you something now, Fred—since you said that lovely thing to me. I'm glad your mother came and pulled me out of being afraid of being just me. I'm in love with the American scene—I'm in love with a boy named—"

"Oh, Penny, don't go any further. I'm not in a position! If only—"

"No if-onlys! With a wife who can earn a good living for herself and your mother, you lose your exemption! You've got to get yourself into uniform, Fred. You owe it to your country to marry me!"

"But, Penny—"

"No buts, Fred. It's all going to be so easy. Because I'm in love with the American scene, I'm in love with a boy named—Eugene!"

THE END

CAR LIFE
LONG
SHORT
CARRIES A LOT OF WEIGHT!
WEAR
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Be Oil-wise Sound your "Z"
Cars can last 3 times longer . . . and yours may have to!
Cars should last 75,000 miles, but trouble begins for many at 25,000, says the American Petroleum Institute. Today, it's just common sense to do your best to triple your car's trouble-free life.
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Sound your "Z" for this top PENN OIL!
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Specify oil that resists sludge and varnish, so your engine will stay clean and smooth. You get it at the yellow PennZoil oval sign when you sound your "Z"!
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TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ IF your man won't squire you to art exhibits, scorning such culture as too fancypants for his hemale mind, just lead him to the nearest car trade-marked with a figure 8 inside a capital V. That well known emblem, art authorities seem sure, owes its inspiration to a modernistic picture called The Eye, painted by a Belgian artist named René Magritte. Magritte's Eye was reproduced in Life magazine a short while before the 8 in the V began to appear on automobiles. . . . Sarah Newmeyer tells this to help us combat the old notion, still held by a good many men, that aesthetic pursuits aren't practical. Miss Newmeyer knows better. As publicity director for the Museum of Modern Art, she is consulted by merchants and manufacturers throughout the country. They realize the importance of keeping their advertising in line with newest art trends. . . . "Nevertheless, it's the women of America," said Miss Newmeyer to me, "who take the initiative in popularizing and encouraging art here." I asked her why, in her opinion, we have worked up an extraordinary enthusiasm for art shows during recent years. She said: "Because the deepest longing of the human heart is to be appreciated. All women know that longing. That's why women are specially active in support of artists who struggled for appreciation in the past or who are struggling for appreciation now. Women understand." . . . Sarah Newmeyer is a thoughtful lady, working hard at a job that concerns all of us. She came to New York, to the Museum of Modern Art, from San Francisco. Memphis, Tennessee, is her home town.

☆ YOU may be surprised to learn that a local group of you, with proper credentials, can bring an exhibit from the Museum of Modern Art to *your* home town for as little as fifteen dollars. Fees run up to $500 for more impressive shows. You must guarantee a fireproof building. Between now and spring the Museum's circulating exhibitions will be displayed at dozens of places, including Baltimore, Grand Rapids, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Montreal, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Providence, Toronto, Tulsa. . . . See as many of them as you can. Art is smart nowadays. . . . And persuade your menfolk to tag along.

☆ A KENTUCKY-BORN sailor, G. H. Hampton, C. B. M., sends me thanks from the Newport, Rhode Island, Torpedo Station, for my report about damyankees making Southerners hopping mad by putting sugar in corn bread. Mate Hampton exclaims with passion: "The *Navy* uses sugar in corn bread! It's enough to start the Civil War all over again!"

☆ UNSWEETENED corn bread goes well with these *Carolina Pork Chops.* Done as follows, the chops are as delicate as chicken: . . . Trim all fat off small tender pork chops. Dust with salt, pepper, a pinch of thyme. Dip each chop in flour, then in egg lightly beaten with 1 tablespoon water, then in bread crumbs from a two-day-old loaf mixed with minced celery leaves. (Sounds fussy, I know, but wait till you taste the resulting flavor!) Be sure to get plenty bread crumbs on chops. Brown quickly on both sides in very hot butter. Arrange chops in fireproof casserole. Over them pour ½ cup water heated in frying pan with butter left from browning the meat. Cover casserole and cook 20 minutes in moderate oven. On the side serve string beans mixed with diced potatoes in a cream sauce to which a little vinegar has been added.

☆ SOME time back I mentioned the peculiar thrill I get when I meet living persons with such historic names as Captain Kidd, Daniel Boone, etc. It's like shaking hands with a legend. From San Antonio, Texas, Dorothy Jackson writes to say she felt the same on being introduced to William Cullen Bryant. A good-looking young man of the modern collegiate type, Bill Bryant taught English at Columbia this summer. His grandpa was a cousin of the famous poet.

☆ HERE'S a suggestion from Mrs. Harold J. Tucker of Wailuku, Hawaii. Mrs. Tucker thinks a lot of us might take up Morse-code dots and dashes as a timely fashion. Inspired by occupied Europe's pathetic resort to the telegraphed V signal (. . . —), three dots and a dash, meaning V for victory, we could perhaps develop patriotic interest in Morse communication. Morse code certainly offers new decorative patterns. I'm having my own K initial (— . —), dash dot dash, embroidered on undies and stamped mysteriously on a big black handbag.

"Doesn't his soup sound good?"

JACK BENNY'S TEN BEST GAGS—Continued from Page 17

will have them. Carmichael was one of the latter happy accidents, and so was the Maxwell, Benny's incredibly ancient bus which he will not relinquish so long as it will run at all and which he always defends. Benny takes all of his trips in the jaloppy and makes his crowd go with him. After they have used it for a trip to Palm Springs, for instance, Mary complains that Jack was too stingy to buy them any food on the journey.

JACK: Now wait a minute, Mary. What about that delicious pressed chicken we had?

MARY: It *had* to be pressed—you ran over it.

JACK: All right. I didn't mean to do it; it was an accident.

MARY: An accident?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: Then why did Rochester yell Tallyho! and chase it clear through a cornfield?

Later on in the program Rochester makes his regular phone call:

ROCHESTER: I'm over here in Pasadena to pick up the Maxwell, but you didn't give me enough money.

JACK: Rochester, I gave you twenty dollars to have that motor fixed, and that's plenty.

ROCHESTER: I know . . . but complications have set in.

JACK: What do you mean?

ROCHESTER: You remember how the motor used to backfire just before it would blow up?

JACK: Yes.

ROCHESTER: Well, now it whistles eight bars of There I Go—and *boom!*

Holidays and seasons provide Benny and his writers with basic settings in which to stage situations, which in turn breed their own twists and gags. On the first day of spring the program opens with Jack planting seeds in his garden, Dennis mowing the lawn, Rochester kibitzing, and Mary making wisecracks. "Say, Jack," she says, "look at the cute little swallow over there."

JACK: Oh yeah? How do you know it's a swallow?

MARY: He's got a sign on his back—Capistrano or Bust. . . . Oh-oh, here comes your boarder.

JACK: Oh, yes. I wonder why he's wearing that turban. Hello, Mr. Billingsly.

BILLINGSLY: Good afternoon, Mr. Benny. Digging in your garden, I see. I do hope you plant pistachios—they're delightful.

JACK: But, Mr. Billingsly, pistachios are nuts!

BILLINGSLY: Well, who isn't?

JACK: Oh, I didn't look at it quite that way. . . . H'm. By the way, you look just like a Hindu. Is that a turban wound around your head?

BILLINGSLY: No, that's a bed sheet. I slept like a top last night.

Most Benny programs include a satire on a recent movie, in which the entire gang is apportioned parts and which, as routines, have become noteworthy commentaries on certain entertainment formulas practiced as a habit by Hollywood. The best of these, Benny feels, was his take-off on The Women, in which he cast all the men as the various female characters and told Mary she could be Don Wilson and announce the play. With Jack playing Norma Shearer's role, Phil in the Rosalind Russell cat part, Don as Joan Crawford, the home-breaking actress, Dennis as Denise, Jack's five-year-old daughter, and Rochester playing Jack's maid, Rochelle, the little drama proceeded merrily.

Rochester, told he must play the maid, asks why he can't be Benny's valet.

JACK: Because I don't want a man in my room when I'm dressing. . . . Now, fellows—

ROCHESTER: *I ain't gonna wear no dress!*

JACK: *You are, too.* Now, fellows—

ROCHESTER: *I ain't gonna put on no mascara!*

JACK: *You are, too.* Now, fellows—

ROCHESTER: *It ain't gonna show!*

The opening scene takes place in Jack's boudoir. He calls for Denise.

DENNIS: Yes, mumsie?

JACK: We're having dinner alone, darling. Daddy's working late at the office.

DENNIS: Oh, mother, when are you going to wake up? When are you going to realize that men are only snakes in the grass?

JACK: Denise! . . . I will *not* have you talking that way about your father.

DENNIS: But gee, mumsie . . . father hasn't been home for dinner in over five years.

JACK: Well, maybe he isn't hungry. . . . Hand me my foundation cream. I must get made up.

DENNIS: Aren't you going to shave first?

In the luncheon scene, when all the girls are catting about each other, a knock-down drag-out hair-pulling fest occurs, during which the sound fades and Wilson does a commercial; in the end, while Jack is packing for Reno, her husband, J. Updyke, comes home at last, replying to Jack's frenzied welcome that he is just after a clean shirt. Jack says they're in the bottom drawer and is off to a train as the music signals the tag.

Situations and these plays create the kind of happy laughter which sustains for minutes at a time; but for the periodic belly laughs which every comedian must produce if he wants to be great, Benny depends on two- or three-line punch jokes. Thus, when Jack is organizing a football team:

JACK: Now, Mary, we're short of men this year and you'll have to be one of the players. Here's your equipment. Put it on.

MARY: O. K. . . . Oh, Jack, do men wear these?

JACK: Put 'em on! Those are *shoulder* pads. . . .

THE END

Tops for toasting! THIS FAMOUS CHEESE FOOD THAT'S RICH YET MILD

Nutritious! Wholesome!

- This cheese food is rich in *milk protein.*
- Rich in the *milk minerals,* too.
- Velveeta is a fine *energy* food.
- An excellent food source of *vitamins A and G.*
- Velveeta is *digestible as milk.*

THE LAST WORD: *War Refugees Made in America*

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FULTON OURSLER

NOT ALL THE HOMELESS

and not all the beggared victims of the World War are Europeans. Fantastic as it may sound, there are homeless and beggared Americans right here in the United States, bewildered at the plight in which they find themselves because a continent three thousand miles away is at war. War Refugees—Made in America is the title of an extraordinary article by Walter Karig which you will find in next week's Liberty. You will also find in that issue—one of the finest, we modestly think, that our staff has produced in a long time—a heartening short story, A Day in Port, by one of America's most popular authors, Margaret Culkin Banning. You will find two other good short stories, one by Bayard Veiller, called Under His Hat; and another, Never an Unkind Word, by Charles Bonner. There will also be the anonymous revelation of a prison alienist, a psychiatrist among criminals, called Bug Doctor. George Hamilton Combs, Jr., famous radio commentator, will talk about his fellow newsmen of the air. Eddie Dooley will raise the question—and answer it—Are Football Coaches Overrated? Jack Lait will challenge all the old-timers with questions about performances in the polite varieties—Do You Remember Vaudeville? Stephen Fane will introduce to you a new character, Mr. Wheezie. Alec Templeton, blind genius of the piano, will tell of his private world. George E. Sokolsky will discuss anti-trust movements versus national defense. There will be generous installments, of course, of Blood of the Dragon, by Achmed Abdullah, and Breath of Life, by Faith Baldwin, and all your favorite departments. You will like the whole issue, I hope, I hope, I hope.

SALMAGUNDI:

Reading I've liked recently is topped by Reading I've Liked, edited by Clifton Fadiman. In this excellent anthology I especially enjoyed the Thomas Mann short story. I discovered with delight that Mr. Fadiman belongs to a sturdy little group that has found entertainment, information, and inspiration in Fowler's Modern English Usage, a book which should be the intimate companion of every person who reads and writes. . . . I also recommend The Secret Diary of William Byrd of Westover, 1709-1712. It is published by the Dietz Press in Richmond, Virginia. . . . Excerpts from the nutty mail, which is growing: "You are a secret Fascist and Jew hater." . . . "You are not a Protestant but a Jew and you are a Communist." . . . "If you will come here and see me I will guarantee to give you the remedy to put an end to wars and strikes and all other evils such as children shooting their parents. I know the real cause and the remedy." . . . J. Edgar Hoover writes to tell me how, after a conference between himself and Mayor LaGuardia, plans are now being completed for conducting courses of civil defense training for the police of the nation. This is a further extension of Mr. Hoover's fine F. B. I. National Police Academy. If you wonder what police have to learn about civilian defense, Mr. Hoover will tell you, as he told me, that law-enforcement duties under civilian defense include gas decontamination, handling of grounded enemy aircraft, and barrage balloons, enforcing blackout requirements and laws controlling noise, air-raid precautions, convoying troops, planning communication systems and methods, and much, much more. I congratulate Mayor LaGuardia on turning to Mr. Hoover, the best equipped man in the United States to conduct this necessary training. . . . Scores of readers have written in, entreating me to shave off the whiskers. Here, for example, is a letter from Mrs. A. B. C. of Berwick, Pennsylvania: "Like the lady who must mourn for her departed husband, I always turn to the back page first just to see if you have looked in the mirror lately and decided to part with that bunch of hair on the front of your face. But I have given up. Gee, I pity your wife. I bet you use a mustache cup, you old fogey." And then, from Will A. Clader: "Why not tell that lady that if the way your hair is combed brings back fond memories of her husband, which she is *'forced* to rehearse' by seeing your photograph, she should look only at that which I take to be an abbreviated and scattered goatee. Tell her just for fun that it may take her mind off of a loss that is irrevocable." . . . And then, from Adaline Bailhache of San Diego, California: "Mrs. Archambault's temperature and blood-boiling eruptions at sight of your picture might be avoided by the simple expedient of an appeal to husband number two. He would probably hail with delight the request to remove from the last page of Liberty each week this upsetting picture of hair like the dear departed number one's, and thus save his emotional and nonforgetting wife these heart attacks of memories of his predecessor. Another picture of you, as requested, would still show your hair, unless you were to wear a wig as an accommodation to Mrs. Archambault. I rather fancy that millions of persons like myself would resent any change from the handsome picture as it is, and which it is our pleasure to enjoy." . . . And then, from R. Morris, Casper, Wyoming (a town for which I have always had a real affection), comes this: "Why not just muss up your hair and feel relaxed and get away from that awful 'I love you' look? You look like you would be swell company."

☆ *THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.* FULTON OURSLER.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY TOM KELLEY

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

Who is to blame for this?

EVERYTHING under the sun has its cause . . . and the terrible scourge of Naziism is no exception.

It came because *no one cared.*

When Imperial Germany was overthrown—at the cost of thousands of our soldiers' lives—what happened? Were the youngsters of Germany—the impressionable youngsters of 16 and 17 and 18 years of age—shown the benefits of the American way of life?

Were they shown what made our country great, so that they might do the same, in the same way, for their country?

When you come right down to it, what are we doing about our own youth—about the 15,000,000 boys and girls in this country between 16 and 21 years of age? Every year, 2,000,000 of these look for jobs—without any knowledge whatsoever of what makes American enterprise tick. Every *day* they are exposed to foreign isms.

In the dictator countries, the government sees to it that the generation coming of age learns the economic philosophy of the nation. But in our country—where the *people* must act—we simply read advertisements like this, shake our heads and do nothing.

• • •

Yet do we? Back in 1919, a man named Theodore Vail, realizing that no one was doing anything to teach youth the fundamentals of American enterprise, started a movement called Junior Achievement.

By teaching youngsters how to set themselves up in their own businesses—how to organize for the production and sale of useful products, how to do this efficiently and on the same basis as a large business enterprise—Junior Achievement not only helps boys and girls prepare themselves for a business career, but helps them appreciate the combined viewpoints of American labor, management and capital.

Does Junior Achievement work? *Wherever a Junior Achievement group has been put into operation, wonders have been achieved.*

Today, 10,000 requests for Junior Achievement groups have been received from all over the country, yet there are insufficient funds to fill those requests.

You and people like you could make up those funds—by contributions, large or small. Are you interested? Then don't put it off. Send your contribution now, whatever the sum.* Or, if you are eager to learn more, write for further information about this movement.

*Contributions to Junior Achievement are deductible for income tax purposes.

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☐ Enclosed please find (check, money order) for $..... as my contribution to Junior Achievement.

☐ Please send me further information about Junior Achievement.

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• *Actual color photograph—Frank Brown shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.*

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"YOU'D EXPECT the milder, better-tasting tobacco to cost more—and it does!" says Frank Brown, tobacco warehouseman of Stoneville, N. C. "But that's the kind of leaf Luckies want, and Luckies pay the price to get it!"

• *Smokers . . . in any cigarette, it's* the tobacco that counts. The better the tobacco, the better the smoke! That's why independent tobacco experts prefer Luckies by a majority of 2 to 1 over all other brands combined.

• As auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, they see the kind of leaf Luckies buy, and the prices paid . . . and to these men, Lucky Strike *means fine tobacco*! Isn't that what you want in *your* cigarette—fine tobaccos?

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1